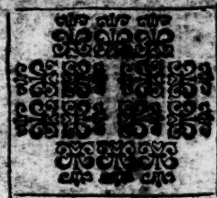


THE
Famous Citizen,
OR, THE
Melancholy Vision
A COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the
DUKES THEATRE.

— *Æquanimitas*
Poete ad scribendum augeat industriam.
Terent.



LONDON

Printed for Thomas Maddocks, at the upper end of Ship Yards
without Temple Bar, 1685.

THE DUKES THEATRE

Printed and Published by J. DUKES, at the Theatre, in Pall Mall.

LONDON

Printed for J. DUKES, at the Theatre, in Pall Mall.

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoke by the Lady SLINGSBY.

HOW cruelly do Poets rack their Brains !
For small Applause, and little or no gains ;
Courting your sick and squeamish Appetite,
Still with fresh pleasure, and a new delight.
They strive to please you, with no little pain,
And try to humor you in every strain,
From the high Rant, of Thundring, Rhiming Verse,
To mimic Baudy Droll, and humble Farce.
Lovers from every place, of every Age,
Their Tragic Muse have brought upon the Stage,
Whilst Comic Satyr strove to represent
All sorts of Fools, to give you all content.
Poets have robb'd the Earth, Heav'n, Air and Seas
Of Objects, trying every way to please,
With Songs, with Dances, and with painted Scenes,
With Drums, with Trumpets, and with fine Machines,
They've shewn you Angels, Spirits, Devils too, }
Hoping to find some way to pleasure you }
With something that was very rare or new :
All this for you have drudging Poets done,
Losing the dear-bought Fame they once had won.

PROLOGUE.

You come not now sharp set, pleas'd with each bit
Of Tragic Sence, and season'd Comic Wit ;
But now you come with Stomachs, as if full,
Tast nothing, but cry out, the Poets dull.
Not much unlike to an ill-natur'd Guest,
Who having fill'd his Belly, blames the Feast.
When you'll scarce come to a noted Poets Treat,
Or when you do, will hardly like the Meat,
Our Poets fears, cloy'd with such various Feasts,
He shan't find any thing to please our Guests:
That nothing with pall'd Appetites will down,
Unless he brings some Fruit you have not known.
Poets have been so lavish and so kind,
New Characters are very hard to find,
And all the Fools, Court, City, Country yield,
Already have been muster'd in this Field :
But he at last did on some Mad-Men light,
With whom he'll entertain you here to Night ;
Hoping that his *Fanatic Melancollicks*
Will make you laugh, at their unusual Frolicks :
What e're the Title in the Bill may say,
He thinks 'twill prove no *Melanchollick* Play.

THE

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mr. *TURBULENT*.

SEE Gentlemen, I now am Sober grown,
And all Fanatic Turbulence disown:
I who did Rail, and roar against the Times,
And still was rakeing in the Kingdoms Crimes,
Who meddled with all matters, and made known
All Faults, but never told, nor saw my own,
In silence now, Crimes, Follies, Madnes too,
Can see, and laugh, and sneer like some of you.
Bethlem's a Blessed Hospital, and fit
T' effect the Cure of each crack'd Brain and Wit,
And may deserve a Song, as well I tro,
As th' Monument, or Weather-cock of Bow:
Thither let all Fanatics of this Age,
Who trouble both the Church, the State and Stage
Be sent; spare dyet, whipping, letting Bloud
Is far more proper, and may do more good
T' all who run mad in Coffe-house and Ale-house,
Than either Newgate, Pillory or Gallows.
Send thither every Lay and Frantick Widgeon,
Who coble, botch, patch, and translate Religion;
Who leave their Awles, their Needles, Hammers, Shears,
To meddle with, and prate of State Affairs:

Who

EPILOGUE.

Who cry down Vice, yet love a private Whore,
 These, and alas! to name, too many more,
 Want ~~Dofter~~ Quibus Pill of Hellebore.
 You Critticks too, who damn our Poets so,
 Pray do not think that you shall Scot-Free go;
 For all you half-brain'd Wits, who never fail,
 Against both Poets, and their Plays to rail,
 Who still find fault, tho oft told of it here,
 Like our mad Aristotle and Scalliger,
 In Bethlem 'mong the rest ought to appear.
 I'll say no more, lest I should tedious grow,
 But only make one Prayer ere I go.
 With this New Play, may you all pleased be
 May we all live in peace, and all agree,
 And may all Turbulents find Cure like Me.

: wof of Bow

THE

Dramatis Personæ.

- Timothy Turbulent*, One that hates all sorts
of Government and Governours, and is
always railing against the Times, Guar-
dian to his Neece Mrs. *Well-bred*. } Represented by
Mr. *Underhil*.
- Furnish*, Nephew to Mr. *Turbulent*, a swag-
gering, debauched Person, who has no-
thing, lives by his Wits, yet furnishes
others with Money and Goods. } Mr. *Jewon*.
- Hangby*, A Creature of *Furnish's*, and a }
Cheat. } Mr. *Gillow*.
- Grin Sneak*, A great Projector, and a Fop. } Mr. *Norris*.
- Finical Cringe*, A Balderdash Poet, and an
Apostate Citizen; makes love to Mrs. *Well-
bred*. } Mr. *Nokes*.
- Rabshake Sly*, A Creature of Mr. *Turbulent's*,
and one of his private Cabal, a private
Sinner, and Railer against the Times. } Mr. *Bowman*.
- Abednego Suck-Thumb*, Another Creature
of *Turbulent's*. } Mr. *Anthony
Leigh*.
- Mr. *Fairlove*, A Gentleman of Sense and
Understanding, in love with Mrs. *Lucy*. } Mr. *Williams*.
- Friendly*, Of his acquaintance, averse to
Marriage. } Mr. *Wiltsher*.
- Dr. *Quibus*, A French Doctor, that gives
Physick to *Turbulent*. } Mr. *Peircival*.
- Pollux*, *Turbulent's* Man. } Mr. *Richards*.

WOMEN.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Turbulent.---

} Mrs. Norris.

Lady Medler, A very buſie, Match-making Lady, a pretender to get Patents for Sneak,

} Mrs. Carrer.

Lucia Well-bred, Neece to Mr. Turbulent, in Love with Fairlove.

} Lady Slingsby.

Priscilla, Turbulent's Daughter, A Quaker, yet deſirous to be thought Learned.

} Mrs. Price.

Mrs. Sly, Wife to Rabsheka.

} Mrs. Osborn.

Mad-Men and Women, Conſtables,
Drawers, Fidler.---

The Scene MOOR-FIELDS.

SCENE

SCENE. I.

MOORFIELDS.

ACT I.

*Enter Pollux alone, telling some Brass Farthings
out of one hand into the other.*

Pol. ONE, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight,
with these Eight Farthings must I purchase Six
several sorts of Commodities: Very good— what
a pretty Office I have? 'tis the chief of my work to
trot about these Errands all day long, for a covetous, stingy, grip-
ing old Devil my Master, who feeds me with Leek Porredg and
Cow-Heels, whilst he fills his own Guts with cramb'd Chickens,
Turky-Eggs, and white Broaths, till he lays it up again— Ods-
nigs I have lost one of my Brass Guinies— *[kneels as to look
his farthing.]*

Enter Mr. Fairelove.

Fair. Why how now *Pol*? what art thou poaking for i'the dirt?

Pol. O Mr. *Fair-love*, I am undone, I have lost the Eighth Part
of my Purchase-Money, I was going to lay out for my Mistress.

Fair. Come give it o're, here, I'll make it up for thee, what hast
lost?

Pol. Nay, not much, but a Farthing: it is but eating our Cow-
heel without Mustard to day.

Fair. Here *Pol*—— here's a Shilling for thee.

Pol. Thank you Sir, if I could but lose money thus every day, and
gain by the loss, I should grow rich, like those who lose a Hundred
Pound by a Fire, procure a charitable Brief, with one more, and get
Six Hundred Pounds by it.

Fair. Well *Pol*, I see you know the World, but prethe let Mrs.
Lucy know that I am in this Walk, and would willingly kiss
her hand; you know *Pollux* I dare not be seen in Mr. *Turbulent's*
Houfe, and Mrs. *Lucy* has desired me to forbear coming thither her
self.

Pol. I know it Sir, very well: I shall give her notice of your be-
ing here instantly; but she is so busy, I believe she cannot steal
forth at this time.

B

Fair.

Fair. Why *Pol*? what's the matter?

Pol. O Sir, My Master has taken Physick to day--- a kind of grumbling came over his Maw, which I doubt was a Surfeit got by eating of Rathers of Bacon and poatch'd Eggs th'other day, with his Nephew *Furnish*: but Doctor *Quibus*, the gibberish--- sputtering *French* Doctor, tells him it is Melancholy, and that he must purge it away.

Fair. And what is all this to Mrs. *Lucy*? Methinks now he is ty'd to his Close-stool, she may the better leave the House.

Pol. I tell you Sir, the whole Family is employ'd, and all too little, to wait on him: He is turbulent to purpose, for a little yellowish Powder the Doctor gave him, which he called *Enemetic*, has so claw'd him off, that there is the Devil and all to do with him. I shall be Hang'd for staying.

Fair. But however, I don't see, but that Mrs. *Lucy* may get forth for all this.

Pol. Nay, You won't hear me, my Mistress holds his head whilst he discharges; my young Mistress *Priscilla* holds the Basin to catch the Stream forsooth, and your fair Mistress *Lucy* warms the Napkins to rub the Sweat off from his Countenance.

Fair. A good employment--- Well *Pol*, however do you but whisper her that I am here, and leave the rest to her tender discretion.

Pol. Sir, your Servant--- I will not fail to tread on her Toe, and lay my Lips to her Ear immediately.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Friendly.

Friend. *Frank Fairelove*--- What the Devil do you do here? Is it to snuff the Air of *Bun-fields*? or have you a City Intrigue, to meet some Shop-keepers Wife?

Fair. I may as well ask you, what you do here? you belong to the other end of the Town as well as I.

Friend. Why, it lay in my way, and I was passing the Fields, as a man does a Ford in a River, as suddenly as I can, I long to be out of them, they stink of City-Dog-house. But you I see are taking your serious turns here, as if it were for Recreation or Meditation, or that you took more delight in *Moor-Fields* than in the Train-swept *Malt*, or glorious *Hide-Park*.

Fair. Why, *Will.Friendly*, do you speak against a place that you know not? you are much mistaken in supposing here is no Recreation.

Friend. Yes, here are Recreations indeed, to see the Wenches dry their Cloaths, and the Boys play at Grass-Cat, the Archers in *Finsbury* to shoot at Rovers, and Nine-pin-Alleys, and Bawdy-houses in every Quarter; what other Recreations canst find?

Fair. Yes, all the Varieties thou canst imagine. Oh the several sorts of People that walk in these Fields, the Saint, the Sor, the Cheat,

the Cully, the Grave, the Frolick, the Wise, the Fool, the melancholy, the Religious, the Fanatic, the Usurers, the Philosophers, the Alchymists, the Quacks, the Shop-keeper, from the Mercer to the Cobler, and Stocking-mender, with all their Wives, Daughters, Nieces and Maidens.

Friend. Fairly reckoned, you forgot the Mad-men too, in *Beth-lem*, they make part of the Rarities. But methinks *St. James's* Park, and the fair *Bevie*, that is there to be seen every Night, should have more attraction. The bright, fair, bucksom, witty, fine, willing and airy Girls at that end of the Town, should give more delight than green Aprons, and Grogram Gowns or Petticoats that stink of Soap and Tallow, or the Cypress Chests and Lavender.

Fair. Every man as he likes. I know your aim is at some fine, witty, frolic, bucksom Mills, which some unmanly Puppies call Wenches, and others most abominably asperse by the term of Whore. Why Faith *Will*, this place is not without those Creatures, and plenty of them too, of all sorts and sizes, though perhaps not so well *prinkum prankum'd*, or so modishly rigg'd: These are a sort of demure Whores, with little Rings upon their Foreheads, a strait Hood, and a narrow diminutive Colverteen Pinner, that makes them look so Saint-like, that you would swear 'em the Daughters of innocence it self.

Friend. This is something to the purpose, I like the place the better for that; but prethe be plain with thy Friend, and do not conceal thy Intrigue: who is it you are in quest of, that has so strong a Cart-Rope, as to draw thee from all the fine things in the Mall, to these stinking Tents of Bottle Ale and rusty Bacon? sure 't must be some rare piece. Or art thou cloy'd with Partridge and Pheasant, and long'st after Hung-Beef, musty Swines-flesh, or Rashers on the dirty Coales?

Fair. You are still besides the Mark *Will*. 'Tis no ordinary Game that I hunt in these Fields.

Friend. Why so sly *Frank*? I never had a Mills or Intrigue yet, but I discovered it to thee; this is unkindly, the very Air of this place spoils your good nature.

Fair. I will tell you then, I am damnably, desperately, deeply in Love, and so have bin several Moneths too, and with an honest, witty, beautiful, well-bred, discreet, young Lady, and one that has Money boy to boot.

Friend. To have bin in Love for several Moneths, is no such strange thing, with a witty, beautiful, well-bred, discreet, young Lady; but if she be honest, and you cannot hope to make her otherwise, what do you do with her?

Fair. I see you follow your old Game *Will* — But I assure thee, mine is an honourable and lawful, and meer Matrimonial Design.

Friend. Heavens forbid — Matrimonial Love say you? thou

art not so intoxicated yet ? what Marry, when all the Wo-
 men fake their Wives, and fall to keeping ? when 'tis grown as much
 out of Fashion as Trunk Breeches ; thou hast convers'd fairly with
Moor-Fields.

Fair. Away, away, let's have no tilting against Marriage, the
 Theam is grown thred-bare, there is scarce a Comedy without it,
 the Poets and the Stage have laugh'd at it so long, that they begin to
 be laugh'd at themselves for it. I tell thee *Will-Friendly*, mine is a
 fair, honest, downright, Matrimonial-Love, with a very honest fair,
 young, witty Gentlewoman, and now, in truth, you have my whole
 Intrigue.

Friend. If it be so, I think thou art turned an honest, down-right,
 plain-dealing Sot. Dost not thou know that there is not a more
 unbecoming thing in Nature, than to see a Gentleman handing and
 waiting on his Wife.

Fair. 'Tis no matter for that, I have therefore withdrawn my
 self to this end of the Town, even to *Moor-Fields*, where 'tis no
 shame to do so ; Men and their Wives ordinarily walk here together
 very lovingly.

Friend. Ay, Citizens and Shop-keepers, who are wedded to their
 old Fashions.

Fair. I believe it will grow in Fashion again, at the other end of
 the Town shortly : Mistresses are so very chargeable, humorsome, proud,
 impertinent and tyrannical, that no Wife in the World can be
 more. But I am resolv'd, and am not now to be shaken, therefore
 forbear.

Friend. But may not I see this fine, powerful Charm of yours ?

Fair. Yes, you may in time, I am not shy, and I think need not
 be jealous of thee ; for thou canst love nothing that's honest.

Friend. That's because I could never meet with that *Chimera*, but
 you it seems, have found this rare Jewel.

Fair. Did you know her you would say so in Earnest, she is a Jew-
 el out shewn in the Dark, which makes her Carbuncle-like, to shine
 the brighter.

Friend. If it be n't 't the dark, 'tis such a hole, I should ne'r have
 sought for a Jewel in.

Fair. That's nothing to the Family she lives in, and to the People
 she is forc'd to converse with.

Friend. Well, who is she ? her Name, and so forth.

Fair. Why I'll tell thee, her name is *Lucia*, Well-bred, a Gentle-
 man's Daughter, who dying, left her under the Guardianship of one
 Mr. *Timothy Turbulent*, whose Wife was Sister to her Father. Now
 he, with his hypocritical Sanctity, got so far into the Esteem of his
 Brother-in-Law, that he left his Daughter to his Care, with full
 power to see her bestow'd in Marriage, but her Portion he com-
 mitted to the safe keeping of the Chamber of *London*, which is 5000
 Pounds.

Friend.

Friend. He was wise in that.

Fair. This Mr. *Turbulent* is one that is still Railing against the Times, the Court, the King, the Church, the Government, and almost every thing that stands in his way, loves to speak Treason privately, and has a great delight and faculty that way.

Friend. A good Guardian.

Fair. His Wife is one that has walk'd throw all Religions, and at last is come into the Society of the Sweet Singers. His Daughter is an impertinent, and unmannerly Quaker, yet pretends to Knowledge, Learning and Logick.

Friend. Fore George, your Jewel's well set.

Fair. Besides, The Gang that follows this Mr. *Turbulent*, and visits his House, of *Anabaptists*, *Vitioceers*, *Quakers*, *Hypocrites*, *Cheats* and *Fools* of all sorts; which are the only People, my Mistress is suffered to converse with.

Friend. But in what Predicament stand you with your Mistress?

Fair. The busine's of Wooing is past, we are come to a Conclusion; but Mr. *Turbulent* knowing me to be one of the un-sanctified-end of the Town (as he calls it) has absolutely forbid me all entrance into his Mansion, so that I cannot see *Lucy*, but by stealth.

Friend. Thou deservest this Gentlewoman, who e'r she be, for ventring into such a Place and People for her sake—— 'Tis far beyond the Voyage of *Orpheus* for *Euridice*, or of *Jason* for the Golden Fleece, the Furies and the Dragons and wild Bulls, were not so dangerous as these sort of People thou hast named.

Fair. You may see by this the power of Love, that I can walk with pleasure under these Trees, the contemplation of Pay-day Melancholy.

Enter Cringe singing, drest most exactly with Ribbons and —

Crin. Fa la fal fal la la fa la fa——

Friend. Whom have we here? a kind of a Morrice-dancer by his trip and trim.

Fair. O Sir, 'tis my Rival, one that Mr. *Turbulent* designs for *Lucies* Husband, he is a *Mercer* of *Lombard-Street*, his name is *Finical Cringe*.

Crin. Fa la la fal la la——

Friend. A pretty spruce airy *What d'ye lack Sir*.

Fair. Yes, he learns to sing, dance, fence and to play of the Violin, scorns to be like the Citizens, but scurvily imitates the Courtiers. Nay he is a pretender to Poetry, makes Sonnets and Acrosticks on his Mistress Name. He goes duly to *Pinner's-Hall* with Mr. *Turbulent*, where he writes the Sermons, and when he comes home, privately reads Plays and Romances. To this Ape has Mr. *Turbulent* promised Mrs. *Lucy*, for which he is to have 500 *l.* of her Portion for his Daughter *Priscilla*.

Friend. Why dost not beat him, but suffer him to court thy Mrs.

Fair.

Fair. What, beat an Ass—— there is no danger of it.
Lucies only diversion, and serves to make her sport as much as
Monkie. Oh he sees us——

Cringe. Mr *Fairelove*, honoured Mr. *Fairelove*, I kifs your hand,
 humbly kifs your hand heh—— heh——

This is your friend heh !

I humbly kifs yours heh——

*{ salutes them with many
 fine Bows and Cringes.*

Fair. Your servant Sir, whither are you going Mr. *Cringe* ? what
 to see Mrs. *Lucy* I warrant.

Crin. I am going to make her my daily Visit heh, and to illumi-
 nate my self by her lustre heh——

Fair. You are a happy man Mr. *Cringe*—— you are going to offer
 some Copy of Verses now to her fair hands——

Crin. Who I? fa la fa la—— I can a little at Poetry—— but
 you have so many better Poets at your end of the Town heh, heh, that
 you dislike us City Wits, heh——

Frien. Pox on him for a Baboon, what do you discourse with him
 so long for ?

Fair. Prethee be quiet, he will shew his Verses now, either stol-
 en out of some Play-Book, or of his own making.

Friend. What does the Coxcomb heh so at us ?

Fair. Oh ! 'tis his word of Expectation, the Fop thinks it a grace,
 and has us'd himself so long to't, he cannot speak ten words with-
 out it, and it makes up a great part of his Oratory—— see he's a
 pulling out his Papers,

*{ Cringe reads to him-
 self and smiles.*

Friend. This is Moor-fields——

Fair. Come, come Mr. *Cringe*, let us see your Raptures, you are
 reading there—— my Friend here is a very good Judg of Verses.

Crin. 'Tis a pretty Conceit heh, a very pretty conceit heh——

Fair. Come what is't, let's see it.

Crin. Why 'tis a Copy of Verses of a Pin that fell from Mrs. *Lucies*
 Sleeve, and I put it upon mine heh—— carried it home heh, and this
 Morning I made these Verses heh, which I am going to present her,
 with her Pin again heh ; is it not a pretty Conceit heh ?——

Fair. Yes, and shews much Wit, the Great *Virgil* did not dis-
 dain to write on a Gnat, and a Fly, and a Flea; yea a Louse, has been
 the Theam of the Witty Poets, among which we will place your Pin.

Cringe. The Conceit is new I assure you, heh—— here Mr. *Fairelove*,
 you shall read 'em—— heh !

Fair. No, by no means, you will grace 'em best your self——
 your Poets always love to read their own Verses, they know where
 to give the Emphasis, and how to accent them, with the true rise
 and fall of the Voice——

Crin. Well then——

Upon a Pin dropt from Mrs. *Lucies* fair Sleeve.

Fair. Had it not been better—— upon fair Mrs. *Lucies* Sleeve.

Crin. No, that is not so new—— Mark the Conceit heh.

Reads——

Reads—

*Return sweet Pin, unto my sour sweet foe,
Tell how her secret Charms do play their part,
How like the dart of Cupid, thou dost show,
Which from her eyes, shot through my loving heart.
A wondrous thing ! thy touch was harmless to me,
And where thou touch'd me not, thou didst undo me.*

How do you like it, heh?

Fair. Excellent.

Crin. Reads—

*Tell, dear Pin, that thy Enchanted Touch
Did sweeten so the Sleeve, where it was cast,
That there was nothing griev'd me so much,
As the remembrance of my Freedom past,
For who may be her Captive, and be free,
A Gally Slave, lives happier than he.*

what say you hey—

Fair. Very good—

Crin. Reads—

*So be thou gone, and yet go not I pray,
Go not, sweet Pin, O go not back at all,
But prick my heart so hard, that Night and Day,
In Death and Life, it be her Beauties Thrall ;
And yet, even go, for Duty so commands,
Go gentle Pin again, to her fair hands.*

Mark that heh, and then I present the Pin heh, a merry Conceit, heh, a Morning Meditation, heh— fal la la la fal fa lay— but your friend does not tell me how he likes it heh.

Friend. Very scurvily, heh— why this Fool is madder than any in Bedlam— prethe let me kick him going—

Fair. By no means— did you make these Verses Mr. Cringe?

Cringe. Yes Sir— and off hand, this Morning, I did not study much for 'em.

Friend. I dare swear he did not.

Fair. But I doubt you stole 'em Mr. Cringe, for I remember I saw the very same Verses, with little alteration on a Scarf, Printed among Collection of rare Poems.

Crin. Aside— Who'd think he should have seen that Book— I thought it had been out of Print, I do but as the greatest Wits do, steal one from another, but I had as good have made 'em, for it lost as much Labour and Oyl, as the Poets say, to turn a Scarf into a Pin heh—

Friend. I am sure you have turn'd your self into a Wood-Cock— Here's a Moorfield Poet and City Wit, with all my heart— 'did Fairlove, art bewitch'd, to hold any longer converse with this Fool, and finical hehng Coxcomb.

Cringe.

Cringe. Mr. *Fairlove*, your Servant, heh. I see your friend is poxy and huffy heh—— your servant, your servant, fa la la fa la la—— [*Exit.*]

Fair. Why are you so angry *Will*—— would you have converse with none but Philosophers—— or would you have the man have more Wit than God has given him?

Friend. No, Natural folly does not offend me, a *Jack Adams*, a Clown, a Jobbernoles; but these fools, that take pains, and are industrious, and laborious to shew their follies, ever make me angry, I can't laugh at 'em.

Fair. But I can—— prethee let's withdraw—— I see more Company, that will be worse offensive to me, for I hate Knaves, and there are a couple of sufficient ones.

Enter Furnish and Hangby.

Friend. Prethee, who are they?——

Fair. Come this way, I'll tell thee—— [*going off.*]
That is one *Furnish*, a Sisters Son of Mr. *Turbulent*, a very Cheat, has nothing, yet furnishes all the needy Lords of the Town with money, keeps his Coach, his House well furnish'd, spends high, keeps his Whores, his Footmen, *French-Man*, &c. and all by his Wits.

Friend. I like such a man very well, Knaves are no offence to me, they are very necessary Common Wealth-men, and are as good as a Cat in a House, to pray upon the Vermin Fools. Would there were more of them; but who's there——

Fair. 'Tis one *Hangby*, a creature of his, and a Conspirator in his Cheats—— they come this way, let's sheere off into the next Walk. [*Exeunt.*]

Furn. A Pox of ill luck, my Uncle *Turbulent* has taken Physick to day, and I cannot have the opportunity of getting him forth. I can do no good with him, whilst the old Hag my Aunt is with him. Nothing will open his heart, but good Sack and Sugar, or sweet Metheglin, or else a Brace of Steaming Capons, with all the accoutrements.

Hang. Nay, he is a Devil at Eating, he lays in like *Wood a Kent*, when he eats on Free Cost.

Furn. He had better eat at a ten Shilling Ordinary, every time he eats with me, I have the right way to coaks him. I know his humour *Jack*—— But I'm at a Devilish Plunge for this 50*l.* to stop the Execution that is coming out against my Goods; my Coach and Horses are in jeopardy.

Hang. Is it possible you can want money already? it is not many days since I saw thee as rich as a Banker, and rolling in Guinies.

Furn. Faith they're all gone—— flown boy—— they never stay long with me—— Dost not see what shoales I have following me, that I am fain to forsake my Lodging, or get out on't by 5 in the morning, to avoid them, yet wonder that these fums should be so soon gone.

Hang.

Hang. You say true.

Furn. Besides there is Sir *William Needy*, Mr *Littlewit*, Mr. *Pennyles*, Mr. *Marland*, and 40 more that I have furnished, and must furnish as fast as I can. But *Puppies*—*Puppies Jack* begin to grow thin; if I could but meet with them as often as I could desire, I should do well enough.

Hang. But well as to this 50 *l.* 'tis a small Sum; I never knew thee so gravell'd before for such a little *Modicum*—what no Trust in the City—what! has the *Lace-man* smelt thee? never a *Claret-Merchant*! Will the *Sadler* trust no more *Saddles* to furnish the *Troops* going to *Flanders*, ne're a *Draper*—Where are your *Setters* and *Ferriters* for security; are there no *Tradesmen* now ready to break, whose *Credit* is good enough to be bound for a 100 *l.* or so, and go snips. Where is your honest *Rogue Scrivener* to draw in hah?

What man! a la mort?

*Furnish is all this
while musing.*

Furn. This *Uncle* of mine vexes me—He begins to hearken to the *Old Beldame* his *Wife*, who has lost all her *Teeth* with scolding; and her *Lips* are worn so thin that they will not keep her *Nose* and her *Chin* from meeting.

Furn. I tell thee *Jack* I have not sufficiently squeez'd this *Uncle* of mine—He milks hard now, and I take the more pleasure in it. Oh! the delight I take of putting the *Dice* upon a wary *Fop*. If he be covetous let me alone to deal with him. 'Twas no less than 30, in the hundred advantage, with good security, that made this precise *Ass* my *Uncle* part with his 500 *l.* for so much I have had, which he is never like to see again, and this 50 *l.* to Boot.

Hang. But how?

Furn. Let me alone—Go you away, presently disrobe your self; off with your *Cloaths*, your *Sword*, *Wig*, and *Hat*—Put your self nimbly into a black *Sute* of *Grogran*, below the *Knees*, a broad skirted *Doublet*, and *Girdle* about the middle, and a short black *Cloak* squirted down before with black *Taffity*, a broad brim'd *Hat*, with a great twisted *Hatband* with a *Rose* at the end of it—Your *Hair* is sink enough, and of the precise *Cut* without your *Perriwig*: good *Jack* be nimble, and meet me at the *Popes Head Tavern*, near to my *Uncles*, about 3 a *Clock* in the *Afternoon*. I will prepare him for you.

Hang. I have a *Broker* in *Long-Lane* that soon will Attire me in any *Garb*. I have served you I'm sure in all *Habits*, from the *Lord* to that *Clown*, nay to the *Skip-kennel*—But what must I do?

Furn. Prethee be not impertinent, I think thou art grown dull. Observe your *Cue*—You are to be a *Suter* to my *Cousin Priscilla*.

Hang. Enough—enough—I have you i' my *Noddle*—fear me not—Ile be with you without fail.

[Exit.
Furn.

Farn. And I must in the mean time try my skill to get my Uncle to the Tavern, now he has taken Phisick, from that Female Devil my Aunt, whom I dread more than the sight of a Basilisk.

How now Mr. *Sneak*, — Prethee wha'ts become of the Captain your great Companion, that was to go on the expedition to conquer the Island of *Formosa*.

Enter Sneak —

Snea. He had not patience till my Lady *Medler* could get the Commission, and so he is gone to sell Ale at *Wapping*.

Furn. Gad the better Employment by half, and more to be got by it?

Snea. You are always an Infidel Mr. *Furnish*, but I am come to ask seriously your advice, whether I should accept an Employ that is now offered me, or no?

Furn. Accept? what the Devil else should you do but accept? Thou hast not had six pence in thy Pocket this six Moneths to my knowledg but what I have furnished thee with, to go to the Coffee-Houses to meet your damned cheating Roguish Projectors. If thou gets no more by pimping than thou doest by projecting, we shall see through this slender Body of thine shortly. But what in the Name of Wonder, is this Place or Employ that is offered you?

Snea. I am offered two Places to go Governour of *Poetan*, or Consul of *Marselles* — which shall I take?

Furn. *Poetan*, where is that?

Snea. It is a great Kingdom in the *West Indies*, for which I am to raise 10000 *l* and I to go Governour.

'Tis a great way off Mr. *Sneak*, I should rather be Consul of *Marselles*.

Snea. I am of your mind; my Lady *Medler* has as good as got me the Patent — Faith I'll send thee good store of Muscat.

Furn. Consul of *Marselles*, hah hah hah — a goodly Consul — But hark you Mr. Consul *Sneak*, what will then become of all your Projects if you go? will you leave all your Concerns in your Black Box that is worth so many thousand Pounds?

Snea. Why these Considerations I confess made me make a scruple of it — and now I think better of it, I will not go.

Furn. Why where is the Widdow Mr. Consul, that you were in in quest of that was worth a 100000 pound.

Snea. Fye, fye, don't mention her; when I enquired into the Business I found she had but 20000 pound. She took Tobacco, and drunk Brandy, and was no Gentlewoman, and therefore I refused her.

Furn. Thou art a damnable lying Rogue — I know thou wouldst take up with an Apple-woman that had but 50 *l*. Hang it Mr. *Sneak*, you have brag'd so long of your Land in *Cornwall* that no Body will believe thee. And hast been fool'd so much by every projecting Codshead

Codshead, that the whole world laugh at thee, and say thou art onely fit for a Chamber among the Fellows of that great Colledg yonder.

[pointing to Bedlam.]

Snea. You may say your pleasure Mr. *Furnish*.—I'll leave you—But I question not yet to ride in my Coach and six Horses—

Furn. Stay—stay, don't go away—here take sixpence to spend at the Coffee-House, for I'm sure thou hast no money. [takes it.]

Snea. Well well, I will pay you again with Interest.

Furn. Be ruled by me Mr. *Grin*, leave your projecting Trade, and keep close to your pimping Trade, 'twill bring you in more money by half: Thou art a most excellent Pimp—the Ladies are taken with thy Address.

Snea. Well well, Mr. *Furnish*—you are full of your jeers—but I am stayd for—

Furn. Be not out of the way in the Afternoon, if need be to be bound with me to my Uncle, Mr. *O-yes* good security.

Snea. No no—I'm sure I'm bound for some hundreds already for him—But if one of my Projects hits I shall pay all. [Exit.]

Furn. Goe thy way for a melancholly, projecting Dreamer, with thy Estate in the Clouds—Now is he gone sneaking to my Uncle *Turbulents*—I wonder what he does there?—But who comes sayling here—Oh my Lady *Medler*: Now for a Dun, and a Rallie—

Enter Lady Medler.

La. Med. Out upon these paultry Fields; a Person of Quality cannot come to the Doors with a Coach, but must alight and foot it. I would not be seen thus afoot and alone for any thing—uds so, here is *Furnish*.

Furn. Madam your Servant—what going to my Uncle *Turbulents*?

La. Med. O you are a fine Man never to come at me, are not you?—I have been at least ten times at the Door in my Coach, but you're never within—when your turn's serv'd you care not.

Furn. And I think I serv'd her turn too, if I am not mistaken. (aside.) O Madam, I'm sorry for your mishap, t'other night, going home from my House.

Lad. Med. Your Men had made my Coach-man drunk

(*Furn.* And I think I made her more drunk.)

La. Med. That he could not guide his Coach right, but overthrew it and broke all my Glasses. I'm sure it cost me Ten Pounds to put my Coach to rights again—You're a fine Man to keep me till three a Clock i'th' morning, wasn't you?

Furn. (Pox on her I could not be rid on her as long as I had one Bottle of Frontineack left) I did not think it so late, Madam, but what said Sir *Edward*—was he not angry?

La. Med. Angry? would I could see that: an he should be angry with me, I'd make my Lord, my Brother angry with him— angry kether? No I call'd him *Sweetface* a thousand times, and told him I had been at my Cousens, the *Grocer's* Wives Labour.

Fur. And he believ'd you?

La. Med. Why, you don't take him to be so unnatural a Beast as not to believe his own Wife. But where's my Necklace of Pearl I lent you to take up some Money on, did not you promise I should have it within 2 days?—

Furn. A Pox of her Memory, I was afraid of this Dun— Madam, I am about to receive 600*l.* this Evening, and then I intend to return it back to your Ladyship, with a pair of silk Stockings for the use of it.

La. Med. Ay, you are the best Man at Promises in the World, and the worst at Performances—— Indeed Mr. *Furnish*, I must have it, *Sweet-Face* has asked me several times why I don't wear it—— I'll stay this Moneth for the 50*l.* I lent you.

Furn. (And so you're like this 12 Moneths for me; if she has not the Conscience to pay me for what I do for her, I will have the Conscience this way to pay my self.)

Indeed Madam, I will repay you all shortly, and furnish your Ladyship with what Moneys you shall want——

(I must put her besides this Discourse.

Madam, I wonder you can spare so much time as to come to this End of the Town, considering the many Affairs you have in hand, of benefit and weight—— My Lord your Brother helps you to many a Pound.

La. Med. Tho I say it—— I have more to do than my Lord Chancellor—— and my Lord my Brother has many grand intrigues in hand, I assure you; but 'tis a great secret, he is now making an Union between the *Muscovite* and the *Turk*, and by his means there will be shortly a League, Offensive and Defensive, between the Grand Seignior and the *Sophy of Persia*; and you will see by next Summer, for all the Peace at *Nimiquen*, all the States in *Christendom* Confederated against the *French King*—— My Lord *Politick* knows how to play his Cards.

Furn. You are happy, Madam, in being like him—— for though you don't make Matches between Kingdoms and States, yet you make many other very considerable.

La. Med. I have made some in my time—— and to tell you the truth, I was now going to Mr. *Turbulent* to propose a Match between a Kinsman of my Lords and his Daughter *Pris*.

Furn. (Dam her—— she'll spoil all my Design) By no means Madam—— don't do it.

La. Med. Why so Mr. *Furnish*—— I think it is no disparagement to be Related to my Lord my Brother. I tell you Mr. *Furnish*,

nish.

nish, there is not a Woman in all the Kingdom but would be glad and proud of the Honour.

Furn. No question, Madam—— But *I* have already propos'd a Match for my Cousen *Priscilla*, and you will spoil all.

La. Med. Nay if it be so, *I* m glad *I* spoke of it—— *I* shall forbear for your sake.

Furn. But Madam, There is one Match that *I* know of, which if you could bring about would advantage you at least 10000 *l*.

La. Med. Bring it about—— *I* ll warrant you—— ne'r fear man, as long as *I* have my Lord my Brother to back me—— prethe who are the persons?

Furn. 'Tis a difficult business, and *I* m loth to tell you.

La. Med. *I* will know—— You shall have a share *Furnish*—— Making of Matches is a good Trade, if it be well handled to get Money on both sides; but *I* must know who these persons be.

Furn. Why it is between *Antichrist* and the *Whore of Babylon*—— 'twould do well if you could bring them together.

La. Med. Well—— well—— you jeer me do you? Farewel—— but be sure you remember my Necklace.

Furn. *I* shan't forget it Madam—— but not a word of my Cousen *Priscilla*'s Match—— *I* ll not leave you, Madam—— *I* ll see you at my Uncle *Turbulents*. [*Exit*.]

Enter Mr. Fairlove and Mrs. Wellbred.

Lucy. Your friend yonder is a man of sence; *I* like him—— but *I* converse with so wretched a Generation, that *I* am like one coming out of a dark place, dazled with the light of Sence and Reason.

Fair. He is a plain, downright Gentleman that loves to speak his mind—— and *I* m afraid he'll beat that Fop *Cringe*, if we leave them too long together—— Therefore my dear *Lucy*, answer me to the Question *I* ask'd you.

Lucy. You may be sure *Franc*, that *I* would be glad to be out of this Hell *I* live in, and dare venture my self with you—— and put my Neck in the Yoke of Matrimony—— but *I* tell you, *I* will also bring you the little Fortune my Father has left me, and not give the advantage to my Uncle *Turbulent*, to cheat me of it—— he has a *Fanatical* Conscience.

Fair. *I* thought *I* had taken off that Objection, by telling you the good Fortune that has befallen me of 500 *l*. a Year, by the Death of my Uncle in *Norfolk*—— So that now you cannot object (as you use to do) the want of means to live.

Lucy. You have indeed *Franc* been very honest in not urging me to Marry before you knew how to keep me like a Gentlewoman, and as many do, to satisfy their pleasure, run themselves headlong into Misery—— But yet *I* assure you, *I* will have my Portion before *I* Marry; tho you are so willing to part with it, *I* am not.

Fair.

Fair. But you know how averſe he is to me, and that he deſigns you for that Fop *Cringe*, and what power your Father left with him, ſo that you cannot have your Portion unleſs you Marry as he would have you. Will you therefore ever live in the Purgatory you are in, and permit me ſtill to languish for want of your company, or elſe to continue my Walks here among Uſurers, Bawds and Punks, to get now and then a ſight of you?

Lucy. No, no, fear it not, I have ſtudied the point, the claufe of the Will is this, *That if my ſaid Uncle Turbulent be alive, and compos mentis, that he ſhould have the ſole diſpoſe of me, and that if I married without his conſent, the Chamber of London ſhould not part with my Portion, but it ſhould be at my ſaid Uncles diſpoſe* — Now if my ſaid Uncle be either dead, or not *compos mentis*, that claufe is null, and the Portion, as I take it, is at my own diſpoſe.

Fair. — You are a cunning Lawyer — but your Uncle is alive — as for the other, *compos mentis*, that I think he is not — but 'tis not what we think, but what the Law will think in that caſe.

Luc. Well, let me alone — I will give you leave to get a Licence againſt to morrow morning, for I have brought my Affairs to ſuch a paſs, that by that time the Law ſhall free me, and he ſhall be either not alive, or not *compos mentis*.

Fair. I confeſs I am gravel'd — but I will not queſtion your ingenuity —

Luc. But what ſhall I do with poor *Cringe*?

Fair. Hang him Fop —

Luc. I muſt provide him a Wife — my Couſen *Prifcilla*, as precise as ſhe is, is taken with that Fool, and extreamly loves him — I muſt try to get him to Marry her — He is ſo eaſie a Fool that I think I ſhall perſwade him to it for all his pretenſions to me.

Fair. That would do well — ſee he is run away from *Friendly* — I knew he could not endure him long —

Enter Cringe:

Crin. Your moſt humble Servant hey — your Servant *Mr. Fairlove* — Fore Gad your Friend yonder is the rougheſt man I e're talked with hey — I never ſaw ſuch a ſurly man in my life hey — he does not love talking he ſays — hey — and then I would have read him ſome Verſes hey — and he then grew worſe mad hey — and would have tore 'em hey — then I ſung fa la la la la la la la, and gad he was ready to kick me hey, he is fit to converſe with no Body but himſelf hey, and ſo I left him hey —

Fair. Ay *Mr. Cringe*, he has his Fits — you muſt not take it ill.

Crin. I a'nt ſuch an Aſs hey — but I'll ne're be alone with him again hey — Come Madam *Lucy* will you go home hey —

Fair. Nay I ſhall be angry to if you perſwade the Lady to leave my Company ſo ſoon.

Luc.

Luc. Come Mr. *Cringe*, let's see those Verses you would have shewn Mr. *Friendly*——I know they are some I ha'nt seen yet, and I thank you for those of my Pin.

Crin. They are not finished, yet hey I have onely begun a few hey, which I intend to present you when they are finished hey.

Luc. No no, I'll see em now while I'm in the humor, or not at all.

Fair. You must never deny a Lady any thing.——

Crin. Look here, they are but——fore gad they are not yet finished.

[about to read]

Enter *Friendly*.

Gods lid here's the Gentleman does not love Verses, I dare not read 'em——

{going to put up
the Paper.

Fair. Come come you shall read em——

Fri. I wonder you can fool thus with this City-maggot; Prethee *Frank* if thou hast any thing to say to the Lady I'll stay and beat him going——if not let's goe.

Fair. Prethee *Friendly* be not so hasty——Mrs. *Lucy* has a mind to see his Verses——

Fri. That any one should take such content in the diversion of Fools.

Crin. Well I'll read if Mr. *Friendly* will be but freindly hey I think I was witty there hey——You must know Madam these Verses are not finished——

Luc. Why you told us so already, Mr. *Cringe*, let's hear 'em however——

Crin. Hem! hem! they are to be directed to you Madam——For the fair hands of the more fair Madam *Lucia*.

Luc. I could never tell before which were the fairest, my hands or my face. Proceed——

Crin. Hem! hem! reads——

*For mighty joys expression in more state
My thoughts Orations did premeditate;
But formal Speeches whistling like the Wind,
Ostentate Wit, not Loyalty of Mind:
Sincerity makes little noise, and flies
From hollow hearted, gay Formalities.*

How do you like it hey——for gad 'tis excellent, no ordinary strains hey——

Fri. You are no ordinary Puppy I am sure of it.

Crin. Your Servant Sir Hey——Hem - hem - ready.

*But your Aversion now I plainly find
Through the Transparent Windows of the Mind;
So apellucent Ladies Ivory Skin,
For all her Tiffanics, is seen within.*

Do you mark that hey——'tis good hey——hem! hem!——reads

For

*Your honey Speech was sweet as Woodbine Flower
Of Sugar Lips, too soon was shut the Door.
Soft as the Wooll of Beaver was your stile,
Which makes my ravish'd Sense of Hearing smile;
Your stroking fingers with May-Morning Dew,
My wearied Bodies vigour did renew.
But with delight my Sense of Seeing spies
More amiable Marvels in your Eyes.*

Friend.——

[Snatches the Paper and tears it.

I can hold no longer, he has wore out my patience—— why there's more sense in the chattering of a Monkey.

Crin. He has tore the best Copy of Verses that ever was wrote hey, and that's a bold word hey——

Lucy. And so it was Mr. *Cringe*,——But is this all pure City Wit - London Wit—— or *Moorfields* Meditation.

Fair. No, in good Faith 'tis pure *York-shire* Wit; for he has took all this out of the *York-shire* Play called, *The Inamouring Girdle*.

Crin. Godsuckers—— I think the Devil is in 'em for finding me out—— I must out-face it.

Friend. Let him take it from whence he will, 'tis like himself, all Nonsense.

Crin. 'Tis all my own Writing, I protest—— one thing may be like another hey——

Lucy. Well, well *Cringe*, as long as I like it, all is well; I know no body but your self could write such high strains.

Crin. O Madam, I am your most humble Servant and Admirer hey—— but the Gentleman is a very angry Man hey.

Enter Mr. Suck-Thumb, habited oddly, with his Hat over his Eyes, and walks over the Stage, and goes out.

Friend. What kind of Dumb-fad is that?—— he walks as if he trod on Eggs.

Lucy. Oh, he is one of the Gang, resorts much to my Uncle *Turbulents*, speaks hardly 6 words in 6 hours, and then he gapes like *Frier Bacon's* Brazen Head. He dreams all day, and sees Visions at night—— and then relates them for the comfort of the Brethren in Tribulation. All he speaks they take for Oracles. He's one of their private Conventicle or Cabal, where they may speak their minds freely.

Friend. A Melancholy Visionere.

Lucy. Whose Head travels the Moon, and has lodg'd in all the Inns of the *Zodiack* and the 7 Stars. He has been beyond the eight Sphere, and brings Embassies from thence, his Name is Mr. *Abednego Suck-Thumb*.

Crin. Mr. *Turbulent* will think I'm run away with you, Madam *Lucy*, hey—— shall we repair to your Habitation hey?

Lucy. Well Gentlemen, your Servant—— Mr. *Fairlove* let me see you again anon.

[*Whispers.*
Cringe.

Crin. Your Servant Gent. — your
Servant, your humble Servant *Mr. Fairlove.*

Fair. Your Servant *Mr. Cringe* —

Friend. Your Servant *Coxcomb* —

{ *with many ridiculous*
 Cringes and Bows.

{ *Exeunt Cringe*
 and Lucy.

I admire how so well-bred and witty a Gentle-
Woman can endure to converse with those kind of Animals that are a-
bout her. I like your Choice *Frank*, but I don't like your Matrimony.
is there no other way — can't you save her from drowning, without
sinking your self?

Fair. Leave off, I am resolved — I will deliver her to morrow —
To morrow *Will.* thou shalt be at our Wedding.

Friend. Thou art a kind Servant — Thou'lt deliver her out of
Hell, and put thy self into Purgatory. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Act.

D

T H E

THE SCENE.

Mr. Turbulent's House.

A C T II.

Enter Mr. Turbulent, Mrs. Turbulent, Priscilla with a Pipkin of Grewel. Mr. Turbulent in a Night Gown, Caps on his head, a great night-rail flung over his Shoulders——&c.

Turb. **W**ELL here's some Air in this Room—— oh ! oh ! oh ! it was a Thundring Emettic—— Lord how it work'd, I am wondrous empty.

Pris. Here is a whole Pipkin of Plum Grewel for thee—— shall I give thee some of it——

Turb. No—— I bid you get me some Egg-Caudle—— I will have that first, and then the Grewel—— Egg-Caudle is comfortable—— oh ! oh ! I am very sick—— *Kare* I am very sick, it gripes me yet—— It has claw'd me off—— it has made me very empty.

Mrs. Tur. 'Tis no matter, *Mr. Turbulent*, and it had been worse ; you must be taking Physick of such leud *French* Doctors—— This was one of your Nephew *Furnish's* helping to, that sink of Sin, and Son of Perdition, who never did you any good, nor never will—— Could not Doctor Plush-Coat here at the next Door, have serv'd your turn, or Doctor *Dodipal* one of the Brethren ?

Tur. Hold your peace—— speak not against the Doctor, the Physick has wrought well—— yea very well, both upwards and downwards—— why where's this Caudle ?

Mrs. Tur. Why *Paul*, *Paul*, why *Paul*——

Enter Pollux with a Mess of Candle.

Pol. Here, I'm coming as fast as I can : I cannot be here and there and every where. I'm sure I serve for all Employs, your Foot-boy to run of Errands; your Butler to draw your Beer ; your Cook to dress your Meat, and yet I can't please you—— Sir shall I get ready the Turkey Eggs ?

Gives Mr. Tur. the Caudle, who falls to eating.

Tur. Ay, get them ready against I have eat the Grewel, for I am wondrous empty——

Pol. Will you have all fix'd ?

Tur.

Tur. All six Sirrah? — are six so much that your naicality asks so vain a Question? — quickly all six — I am very empty — *Kate* let a Chicken, otherwise called a large Pullet, be got ready for my Supper — and some more Caudle — I find Caudle is good.

Pol. He is become Ravenous; this Phylick has but only whetted his craving Stomach — Oh these Cholerick, Turbulent Men are always great eaters —

Tur. Sirrah are not you gone yet about the Eggs?

Pol. I'm going — He'll devour me if I stay.

Tur. 'Tis good Caudle — I find it comfortable *Kate*.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Doctor Quibus.

Qui. Vat is dat you eate dere?

Tur. Nothing but Egg Caudle Doctor.

Qui. Morbleu — Egg Caudle said you — you be de strange man in de hole Varld — The Debil give you de Physic for me — I give de Physic to purge de Color and de Melancolly, and you eate de Caudle to make more Color and Melancoly. For vat is dat do you know?

Tur. Don't be angry Doctor, I am empty — the Caudle is comfortable —

Qui. De Caudle is poyson, and breeds de color and de me-lan-col-ly, and it vil come to de fourth degree, and den you vil be mad — dat you will get by de Caudle —

Tur. You sha'nt perswade me out of my Caudle for all that, 'tis comfortable, yea, I find it very comfortable.

Quib. Me been two, tree, fore day studying and turning over all de Autors to find cure for your distemper. Me read *Galen*, *Hippocrates*, *Sennerius Fuchsius* and twenty more, and break me Brane vit de study, and now you spoil all vit de Caudle — cram — cram — cram —

Mrs. Tur. Pray what it his Distemper?

Quib. His distemper is de choloric — Melancolly.

Pris. How dost thou prove that?

Tur. You must be prating too — what's that to you how he proves it, does Mr. *Goose-quil* prove all he says?

Pris. Yes, he says nothing but what he Proves, and so ought he — He ought to make it plain to the Hearers — we do not understand what he means by cholerick Melancholly —

Quib. Maistress *Priscilla*, you be de very learned Voman — but you be troubled also very much vid de Melancholly, I can prove dat — and all de Housie is troubled vid de Melancholly, and all de Varld is troubled vid de melancholly.

Pris. Thou shouldst tell us how — Thou sayst so, but that is not enough.

Tur. *Kate*, get me some Grewel while the Doctor disputes — I say get me some Grewel —

Quib. If Maister *Turbulent* vil give me de leave I will tel de how all de Varld is troubled vit de Melancolly.

Tur. Ay Doctor with all my heart — I may then eat my Grewel in quiet — I can eat and hearken to the Doctor — *Kate* — the Grewel.

She gives him a Mess.

D 2

Qui.

Qui. Mark ye me de Melancolly is de general disease of de hole Varld-- all de Varld is troubled vit de Melancolly more or less. *Democrisus* did study de Anatomy of de Melancolly, and one *Burton* your Country-man did write de great Volumes of de Melancolly; but I vil tell you all de hole Book in fower vards. Dere is de Melancolly-- fa la — de Melancolly pick-straw — de Melancolly Dumb-sad — and de Melancolly stark-mad — and dere be all de Melancollicks be Gar —

Tur. Very well Doctor, proceed —

Qui. Mark ye me — Dere be de fower sorts of de Humors wich caule de fower sorts of de Melancollies, dat is de sanguine or de blood, de Phlegm, de color, and de pure Melancolly or addust blood. Mark ye me, dere be also, one, two, tree, fower degrees of de Melancolly — De first is called de Melancolly only, but if it be not purged away, it vil rise to de second degree, and den it is called folly; so to the tird degree wich is extream folly, and lastly, to de fowert degree, wich is madness.

Mrs Tur. Methinks the Doctor speaks very Learnedly.

Tur. Go on Doctor go on —

Qui. Vil you never don de eating —

Tur. I eat leifurely — I hearken Doctor — I hear you —

Qui. Vel den, Me vil tel ye how de Melancolly disturbs al Men in de Varld, and is de general distemper of de hole Varld. Mark ye me — de seat of de Melancolly is de spleen wich draws to it de ticker and de grosser part of de blood, and ven dat intral is full of de adust Melancolly blood, and does no vel and rightly discharge it self, it mixes it self vit de other humors in de body, and so diffuseth it self torow de hole body — Mark ye me. [Eating still.

Tur. I do Doctor — I do —

Quib. Den if de Melancolly mixes it self vit de sanguine humor, or de blood, it causes de Melancolly fa la — it makes de laugh, de singing, de caper-ing, de pance-ing — de love — de brisk-ness — de Poetry — de Verses, de Love-Letters, de folly, de mimic gestures, de apishness — de buffoon and Apish Asses — for de spleen is de seat of de laugh, as well as of de sad and melancolly, but being mixed vit de blood it tickles de spleen, and causes de laugh hah hah hah — de *Frenches* my Country-men are very subject to dis sort of de Melancolly, who are alvais laughing and meery, airy, light, and full of de love — now as dis Melancolly rises in degrees, it expresses it self more or less, an example of vich Melancolly, you have daily in Mr. *Cringe*, who comes daily to your house, he is, me assure you, much troubled vith dis sort of Melancolly in de tird degree, and if he do not take my Pill for de Melancolly, he vil come to de fowert degree, and den he must go to de great Hospital, and have a chamber dere to be cured.

Tur. Very well Doctor, let us hear the other three Doctor, by that time I shall eat up my Grewel —

Qui. Vel den, if de Melancolly mixes vit de Phlegm it causes de Melancolly pick-straw. All de People of de *London* are very much troubled vit dis

dis dull and heavy melancholly ; dey sit in their shops , and tink, tink, tink, all day long, from morning to de night of noting——all not worth one straw of de little sheat of dere shop, or of de news, buz——buz——buz——dey noting but pick straws all deir life-time——dis causes de grave and de full folly de starv'd Afs——the Politician——the Counsellor de Projector, de windmills in de head, de formal bu-fie body about noting——it makes the false hopes aud de dull fools——an example of dis melancholly you have in the projecting called *Mr. Sneak*, who comes often to your house ; he is troubled vith dis melancolly pic straw, in de tird degree, and very near de forth.

Mrs. Tur. This Doctor I say is very learned, I begin to be of his Opinion.

Prisf. Ay Mother, if he could prove it, but I have not yet heard one Sylogism.

Tur. Peace——Doctor proceed——as I do

[eats

Qui. Vel den de tird sort of melancholly, is ven de melancholly mixes vith de serum of the bloud, and makes it stick like puddle water ; dis is de pure melancholly, de true *atra Bilis* black bile, and dis causes de dum-sad——he sits all day vith his hat dus——and his arms acrofs dus——he no speak vards, he tinks altogether, he imagines strange dings, he sees strange sights, he tinks of de Dible, of his Cloven-foot, and de horns on his head, he tinks of de Moon, and of de Religion——he sees Visions of de Angels, and de strange Beasts, and de Monsters ; dis causeth de Prophecie, de Fanatick, de Sects, and de Schisms, and de Hereticks, de Divisions, de dark mists in de fancy, and in de imagination, and de strange Chimeras, and all de strange delusions in de varld. An example of dis is the Visioneer, who often comes hither, one *Mr. Abed-nego Suck-Tum*, he is troubled vith dis in the fort degree, and is fit for de Bethlem.

Mrs. Tur. I like not that he should accuse Brother *Suck-Tum*

Qui. Maistres *Priscilla* is troubled vith dis melancholly in de tird degree, mixed vith de phlegm melancholly, but she may yet be cured ; but I tink *Mr. Suck-Tum* is past cure ; and all de Elebore in d^e Antycyravil not give him de perfect cure.

Tur. Well, Doctor, let us here the fourth.

Qui. De fort and de last melancholly, is ven it mixes vith de Color ; and dis causes de melancholly stark mad——dis is de *flava Bilis* de yellow bile, or de colorick melancholly dat causes all de quarrels in de vorld, and makes de siting, de Riots, de Routs, de peevishness, de angriiness, de beating one another, de disputing, de Railings, de Revelings, de Treasons, and de Treasonable Speeches, de Turbulences, de Rebellions, and opposition of de Governours, and de Government, of de Kings and his Laws, and of all unquietness in de vorld ; Dis is de melancholly *Mr. Turbulent* which disturbs you, and which you have in de tird degree, and entring upon the fort, and for which you took my Emettic to purge it out, and to cure you, and now you goe spoil all vith

ing Caudle — me no give you any more Pyfick be gar — you shall go to de Bethlem for me —

Tur. What? do you say I am mad Varlet as thou art — Hold me not, I will beat the Rogue's Eyes out — Mad — mad — do you give me Pyfick to cure madnefs. Hah! I am I mad — mad?

Setting down his Grevell and rising up in great rage Mrs. Turbulent and Priscilla run and hold him.

Mrs. Tur. Be patient *Tim* — be patient — I think the Caudle has made you cholleric.

Qui. So now you vil se de effects off de Caudle, and off de yellow bile, de Colore — I say Maistre *Turbulent* you are mad, and vil be mad, and must go to de Betlem for de cure — and so fare de vel. [Exit.]

Tur. Rogue, Dog, Rascal, Knave, does he come here to abuse me.

Prif. Thou wilt do thy self hurt to strain thy self after thy Pyfick — thou shouldest not be angry —

Tur. Good Mrs. Sawciness, what! must you be prating too with your thees and thous? — Let me alone —

offers to strike her, is held by Mrs. Turbul.

Prif. I begin to be of the Doctors mind without a Syllogism; I think this is demonstration.

Mrs. Tur. Good *Tim.* be not so angry — and *Turbulent* —

Tur. I will be angry — I will be *Turbulent* — and I'll make ye all know your selves, and that I have the Spirit of Government, I will be angry you shall see —

Mrs. Turb. I think he's quite Mad —

Mrs. Tur. and Prif. run out, Mr. Turb. runs after them.

Enter Pollux and Furnish.

Pol. I think your Uncle is mad within, his Wife and his Daughter can hardly hold him: will you go in and see to pacifie him — your Doctor *Quibus* has made him mad in telling him he would be mad — They are all together by the Ears, go in and part 'em.

Fur. Not I — the Divil part 'em for me — I intend to make 'em madder *Pol.* before night, for I intend to make him drunk —

Pol. Not now he has taken Pyfick —

Fur. Yes to choose — I hope the Doctor has purged away some of his Choler — good *Pol.* when you see the Coast clear give my Uncle this Note from me — be sure you do not let my Aunt see it, nor any body else — be very private good *Pol.* — There's something for thee —

[gives Money.]

Pol. He shall be sure to have it. But I can't imagine how you'll get forth — there is to be a private meeting by and by —

Fur. 'Tis no matter for that — I know I have a Charm in the Note — Profit — Advantage and Wine of free cost, that will bring him to me for all his Pyfick and his private Meeting — tho he were in the midst of his Railing, which he loves next to his Guts and Money. But be sure *Pol.* to have a care that my Aunt see you not give him the Note —

Pol.

Pol. I warrant you — you know I am trusty —

(Calling within, *Why Paul — Paul — Paul —*)

You had best sow me to your Wast-Band, here's a deal of calling and bawling upon *Paul*.

Fur. Why do they call thee *Paul*?

Pol. O! they have only turn'd my Heathen and Prophane Name, as they call it, of *Pollux* to *Paul* — after they had taken me I was like to have been discharged when they heard my Name was *Pollux* — hark, they call again — I must see what's the matter — [Exit.

Enter Mrs. Sly.

Mrs. Sly. O Mr. *Furnish* am I so happy as to meet you here! What have I done to you that you come not near my Shop — is not *Holborn* in your way never? —

Fur. 'Tis a dangerous Hill *Mrs. Sly* — I don't love to go that way.

Mrs. Sly. You us'd to call often upon me when you went to your Taylors *Mr. Snipwel* in *Fullers Rents* — they say *Mr. Furnish*, you are very kind to his Wife — I protest I cannot but wonder you are so kind to an oldish Woman, as she is. —

Fur. I am kind to all, *Mrs. Sly*, old and young, fair and foul, all's one to me, when I'm in the humor; I have too much business to stand picking and choosing of Faces when I should need 'em —

Mrs. Sly. When shall you receive money *Mr. Furnish*, my Chicken bid me to call upon you for the 40 s. for Oyl, and Anchovies, and Olives and Capers — it has been now above a Twelve Moneth on the Book —

Fur. (Pox on her, I thought I had paid her sufficiently for that Score, and that she would not have the impudence to have asked me for this poor Sum — what will this World grow to at last.) Faith *Mrs. Sly*, I had quite forgot — I will call upon you one day or other — (I'll be even with this Jade for offering to ask me for Money.)

Mrs. Sly. Do *Mr. Furnish* — you shall be heartily welcome.

Fur. But hark you *Mrs. Sly* — I have been often told of your Husbands railing against the Times and the Government, openly in his Shop, as if behind the Counter were a *Privilege-place*, speaks and talks at a strange rate of Railing — I tell you on't for your good *Mrs. Sly* — I heard it talkt of — I fear you'll be informed against — and try'd up — on the Statute of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Mrs. Sly. Cannot Men speak in their own Houses but they must be troubled for it — is it not a very wicked Age — a dangerous time —

Fur. But why cannot you let the times alone, *Mrs. Sly*, and follow your Vocations and your Meetings, and let the King and his Councillors alone — what is that to your Oyl and the Olives, or to the Mustard and Salt — I tell you out of kindness, does it bring in any profit? —

Mrs. Sly. Yes by it we are known to the Godly, and it is as good as a sign

a Sign at the Door ——— my Shop is never empty ——— my Husband is an honest man ———

Fur. Nay, this is something to the purpose, if you gain by railing — but for your husbands honesty pray *Mrs. Sly* brag not of that ; for the People say he is a great Wencher.

Mrs. Sly, Out upon them — He a Wencher — I don't find he is so able ——— they bely him fearfully ———

Fur. 'Tis true enough *Mrs. Sly* — He spends abroad to my knowledge, which makes him so weak at home : You don't know what a sly man he is.

Mrs. Sly. Do not scandalize my Chicken ——— He would not do such a thing for the whole World.

(*Fur.* Nor you neither.)

Mrs. Sly. He never goes out but to Meetings, I assure you. He haunts no ill places — not he — as I know on.

Fur. As you know on — Why, do you think he'll let you know on't ? when you think he is hearing Mr. *Thumper* and Mr. *Long-Lungs*, he is in disguise picking up Wenchers in *Moor-fields*.

Mrs. Sly. Well Mr. *Furnish*, You may talk, but he is no such manner of Man ———

Fur. Nay if you won't believe me, will you believe your own eyes — leave but the Shop to night, and dress your self up very modestly, put some Patches on those Pimples, and a Vizard Mask o're the face, and do you walk in the dark of the Evening this night, in the lower Walk, near the *Old-Bedlam*, and you shall see this precise Husband of yours, whom you think so devotedly hearing Mr. *Long-Lungs*, pick you up, and carry you to a Bawdy-House.

Mrs. Sly. I'll give you a good Dish of *Anchoris* if it be so : I protest I'll try ——— But I can't believe it.

Fur. Try *Mrs. Sly*, and call me a thousand Rogues if it be not so — but be sure you go into the *Popes-Head* Tavern, and I'll be there to assist you ———

Mrs. Sly. And so I will ——— I'll see if he speaks truth.

Enter Mr. Sly.

Mr. Sly. How now Chicken, with whom have you left the Shop ——— had not you patience to stay till I came home ? ———

Rab. Sly. I left the Shop to be looked too by Brother *Suck-Thumb*, he's very honest, and I promised to send thee to him Chicken, that he may come to Mr. *Turbulent*.

Mrs. Sly. Out upon't, leave Mr. *Abiednego Suck-Thumb* in the Shop, he's got into another World by this — out upon't, he's looking in the Moon, not to the Shop — (But I'll watch your water I'll warrant you — [*Exit*

Rab. Sly. Oh ! it is the best and most diligent Wife as ever man had, Mr. *Furnish* — she's so careful of her Shop she's worth Gold — But Mr. *Furnish*, I think you have forgot the little debt you owe me for Commodities ?

Fur.

Fur. (Pox on him, he's dunning me too, but I'll stop his mouth—) I will pay it shortly *Mr. Sly*, I had forgot it indeed; but *Mr. Sly*, I hear a very ill report of your Wife, that she is continually railing against the Court-Ladies, and calls *Westminster Sodom* and *Babel*, preaches Lectures behind the Counter against Patches and Painting, and against the Pride and the Vanity of the Ladies of the other end of the Town—and calls her betters *Jezebels* and Strumpets—*Mr. Sly*, I am afraid she will be inform'd against—

Rab. Sly. Alas poor Chicken! — she thinks no hurt, she does it out of pure zeal — Oh the iniquity of the times! — they are very enormous times truly *Mr. Furnish*.

Fur. Ay indeed, *Mr. Sly*, so they are, for People to preterd to Religion and have none, to go to Meetings and cheat at home, to speak against Swearing and Lye all day long, to Rail against Whoredom openly, and Kiss a Sister in private— very enormous times *Mr. Sly*—

Rab. Nay, they are the Wicked that do so.

Fur. Nay, they are the pretended sanctified Brethren that do so.

Rab. Why do you accuse the good People so fallsy? do you think they are like you?

Fur. No *Mr. Sly*, I do that openly which you do privately, your Conscience knows that — but it is an abomination, yea a very great abomination and vileness in me, but in you 'tis but a backsliding, a slip and frailty of Nature.

Rab. Your Uncle will not own you in these accusations — I shall let him know you are of a vile spirit —

Fur. In the mean time I will let you know that your dear Chicken knows how to be even with you *Mr. Sly*. *Rab. Sly.* Even with me! for what?

Fur. Oh, Oh — you know for what: she knows when to take her times — when you are hearing *Mr. Windy* and *Mr. Little-fence*, she knows how then to take a turn in *Moor-fields*, or so.

Rab. Oh! this is intollerable — don't scandalize my Chicken so, you had not best —

Fur. Why this 'tis to be incredulous — believe your own eyes, you are to go to the Meeting to night — when she thinks you fast, and you suppose her in the Shop, you may find her here walking in the lower Walk by the *Popes-Head Tavern* — and will take a Collation or so.

Rab. Can this be true *Mr. Furnish*, (And why mayn't she transgress as well as I? —) I have a good mind to be satisfied.

Fur. 'Tis true as I tell you, I know those who have met her dressed up in her *Sunday-Cloathes*, perfum'd with *Rose-Cakes*, a flaunting Tower on her head, and all those shining Pimples in her face, hidden under black Patches, a yellow Hood, and a Vizard to keep her self unknown — And in this very dress, if you please, you may meet her this night about twilight.

Rab. I would willingly satisfy my self — sure Chicken does not serve me so.

Fur. Come to me at the *Popes-Head Tavern*, and I'll furnish you with a Wigg, Hat and Campain Coat turn'd up with blew, so that she may not know you — and you shall pick her up your self, and bring her to the Tavern and be convinc'd that I tell you no lye —

Rab. And I will—— 'tis a business of much concern—— if it be so, I find her Nature is frail, and she is not yet so perfect as I took her to be. Well Mr. *Furnish*, I'll meet you at the time—— but I can't believe that Chicken is false to me. I'll go into Mr. *Turbulent*—— [Exit.

Fur. So he's gone to exercise his Lungs with my Uncle *Turbulent*, to Rail against the Government, and the abominable Prophanation of the Times, and to speak Treason in their little private Conventicle—— He's a sweet Saint, but I hope to be even with him. Enter Mr. *Cringe*.

Fur. I see this is a dangerous place for me to enter into, here's dun after dun—— I can't shun him ——

Crin. Mr. *Furnish* hey, your most humble Servant Mr. *Furnish*, 'tis a rare thing to see you hey——

Fur. Why so Mr. *Cringe*, I am not such a Monster.

Crin. No, but you are never at home—— I have been at your house 40 times hey, and can never meet with you hey—— I thought you had been a man of your word hey—— did not you promise me the 100 Pound you owe me hey—— without fail at *Christmases* last hey—— and now it is *July* hey——

Fur. (I must put him besides this discourse) If you call on me to morrow or next day Mr. *Cringe*, I will give you a Bill upon a Banker in *Lumbard Street*; but pray Mr. *Cringe*, how goes squares between my Cozen *Lucia* and you—— when are you to be Married Man——

Crin. Why Mr. *Furnish*, 'tis a secret—— but I'll tell you, it is sooner than she thinks for hey——

Fur. That's pretty, MARRY and she not know it—— what, you have got another Miss ——

Crin. No, I have got a Licence ready, and Mr. *Turbulent* has promised I shall be married to her to morrow hey, He'll make her consent hey.

Fur. But do you think she loves you Mr. *Cringe*?

Crin. Oh yes, she loves me hugely hey.

Fur. Then you have the Art of Courtship—— she's witty——

Crin. The Art of Courtship hey—— I court her after the best and newest way of Courtship hey. *Fur.* How's that?

Crin. Why in brave Heroick Verse—— hey—— just as the great Heroes do in the Play-House hey——

Fur. Then I see Mr. *Cringe*, you steal privately to Plays in the Afternoon, after you have been at a Meeting in the Morning.

Crin. I go only to see Civil, Heroic Plays hey——

Fur. Indeed that is a most excellent fashionable way of making Love. I'll tell you there is a Gentleman that I know, who is about to put all *Cook* upon *Littleton* into Heroicks, not blank Verse but Rimes, and would have engaged me to have spoken to my Lady *Medler* to get an order that the Lawyers should plead in Verse—— why I think they might as well go to Law in Rime, as make Love in Rime, 'twould make the Lawyers the more satyrical.

Crin. That would be excellent. *Cook* hey! I'll have that *Cook* when it comes out hey.

Fur. But Mr. *Cringe*, shan't I see some of your Poetry——

Crin.

Crin. I have a Copy of Verses here, but they are not finished hey, and tho I say it, they are the best Heroicks that ever were wrote hey, and that's a bold word hey.

[pulls Papers out.]

Fur. I hope they are not long—— I do not love long Stories in Verse.

Crin. No, they are but a few hey—— but you may judge by them, 'tis a Dialogue between Mrs. *Lucia* and my self hey.

Fur. A Dialogue : Oh! I love discoursing in Verse, 'tis excellent—— come read it——

Crin. You must know hey, that Mrs. *Lucia* in a cross fit hey, would have had me not to love her hey—— and you shall see how I have answered her hey—— I protest in as high straines as ever were writ hey.

Fur. Pox on your preambles ; read 'em——

Crin. Nay, I must make you understand hey—— look ye hey, *Lu.Well.*—— stands for *Lucia Well-brd.* ; and *Fin.Crin.* for *Finical Cringe* hey—— now mark ye—— *Fin.Crin.* begins—— hem—— Reads

Loves fire within me does so fiercely glow,

My heart flames out in Sacrifice to you,

Your pity which can never do you harm,

Will keep you from consuming like a Charm—— Mark that hey——

Fur. Very good—— a high strain.

Crin. Now *Lu.Well.*—— replies—— hem——

If common pity will your pain relieve

That is an Alms I'll not refuse to give,

But could I Sir, resemble your desires,

In answering them with the like scorching fires ;

We our own executioners should prove,

And burn up one another with our love.?

Mark that hey—— is it not excellent hey?

Fur. By my Faith (as Ben Johnson says) a very high vapour, 'tis a strain beyond *Ela Man*——

Crin. Hem---hem—— now *Fin.Crin.* replies,

The flame of Love no water can assuage,

It makes it blaze and roar with fierce and rage.

Now *Lu.Well.*—— again--- mark——

Fur. I do—— (that you are a Ninny) *Crin.* 'Tis 'cause you don't——

Fling on fresh Buckets at a faster rate,

A close supply its fury will abate——

Fur. She gives you good Countel Mr. *Cringe*—— but what's that half Verse, for with a long scratch was your Muse jaded——

Crin. Oh, 'tis the fashion to write so—— in imitation of *Virgil*——

Fur. Whether there be any reason for it or no——

Crin. Prethe let me go on—— you'll forget the sense hey, Mark how I answer hey; now *Fin.Crin.* again,

I'm quite tyr'd out, just like an o'retyr'd Beast

That's sinking, being with too much weight oppress.

Fur. Alas poor weary *Als*—— an excellent Simile——

Crin. Nay, Mark what *Lu. Well.* says——

Then you should out aloud for succour cry——

To ease you in this sad necessity.

Then *Fin. Crin.* replies with a smart Repartee hey——

Oh! 'tis you only that can succour give,

And reaching out to death can make me live.

Fur. That's beyond my comprehensiou.

Crin. Mark again—— *Lu. Well.*—— *Speak then——*

Fur. Why what have you been doing all this while, that she bids you speak now? have you been talking all this while *Incognito*?

Crin. Pray Mark, You are so Critical—— hey

Speak then, And you shall see that I will prove

So kind, to give you anything—— but Love——

Do'ye Mark that long-Pause hey, 'tis fine that, and modish, as she had granted me all things, and then to dash it all with a *But* again, *But Love——* hey is not that fine —— But then Mark how I answer. *Fin. Crin.*——

But Love—— Mark the long pause again hey

But Love—— And that's the only thing I crave,

Without it I were better in my grave.

Is not that an excellent conclusion—— hey——

Fur. Why I thought you said you had not concluded them.

Crin. I do intend to make it longer hey, but for the present hey——

Fur. But for the present—— they are long enough of Conscience, but I must tell you Mr. *Cringe*, that you are a very Plagiary, and have stole this most excellent Dialogue out of a Play call'd *Love's Triumph*—— I see you deal in Plays as well as Sermons Mr. *Cringe*.

Crin. I protest I am the most unfortunate man alive Mr. *Furnish*, 'tis a very Thievish Age, for that Author stole 'em from me hey—— or else our fancies jump together hey——

• *Fur.* It may be so Mr. *Cringe*—— well I must take my leave of you——

Crin. Pray don't speak of these Verses to Mrs *Lucia* hey—— I will surprise her with 'em hey—— your Servant Mr. *Furnish*, your very humble Servant——

[with many foolish and anticq. bows—— Exit.

Fur. Go thy ways for a silly, finical, conventicling, versifying Ninnehammer.

Enter Lucia.

Fur. Cozen *Lucia*—— how is't? God-give you joy Couz, I hear you are to be married to morrow.

Luc. (How the Devil came he to know that.) Yes——so I am to day—— and will be till I am married; who told you so?

Fur. Your own dear Love——

Luc. (Sure he was not so impudent) My Love who's that?

Fur. Why he that's to marry you to morrow, Mr. *Cringe*.

Luc. (Oh is it there, I had like to have committed a mistake) that's suddenly indeed, and I know nothing of it.

Fur. 'Tis a Secret *Conz.* but you see I make none of it to you—— the Pop has got a Licence ready, and my Uncle has promised him to morrow, but I think you have more wit than to have such a Ninny.

Luc.

Enc. I thank you Cozen *Furnish* for this discovery, I see he drives hard, but I will prevent it—— I must take another course with this Coxcomb, and play the fool with him no longer.

Fur. Did not you tell me *Couz.* that you would let me see my Uncles Armour of Brown Paper—— But you are a Wag, and put it upon him——

Luc. In truth *Couzen Furnish* I told you no lye, for he spoyl'd me three Silver Thimbles in making it, and spent me 6 *d.* in Needles—— He work'd harder than a Taylor before *Easter* at it, for 6 Weeks lock'd up close in the Garrat, it is his own handy work every stitch on't, I'll assure you——

Fur. But what is it for?

Luc. You know he is terribly afraid of being laid up, or sent to Prison, for his Treasonable Speeches, his guilty Conscience tells him he deserves it, and though there's no danger at all, he and his Visioner has fram'd such dreadful fancies in their Heads, that he is afraid of his own shadow, and every noise of the Car-Men in the Street makes him fear a Massacre, or a Pursevant, and I know not what melancholly Chimera's.

Fur. But could he not have bought him Arms.

Luc. Oh no—— His Covetousness would not let him do that—— besides he was afraid he should have been suspected for a Plotter, if Arms had been found in his House.

Fur. But brown Paper would be but small defence to either Sword or Bullet.

Luc. I assure you he has made it Pistol Proof very near, and as to a Sword 'tis impenetrable.

Fur. 'Fore Gad I long to see these famous Arms.

Luc. And that you shall at night, and him in 'em, if you will but disguise your self like a Pursevant, or an Officer of the Guards, and get two or three Red Coates, and Mulquets and Bandeleers, with which we'll furnish *Hangby*, *Pol.* and one or two more, like Souldiers—— and let me alone to fright him into his posture——

Fur. Faith, I have a design upon him, before night, but this pleases me so well, that I won't miss it—— in the mean time *Couz.* farewell—— you shall see me at night——

[Exit

Enter Pollux.

Luc. Well *Pol.* what says Doctor *Quibus*?

Pol. He says he will be with you instantly, and swears *Morbilus*, the whole House is mad besides your self.

Luc. That's well—— 'Tis to prove 'em mad I send for him—— didst get the Certificate drawn fair that I scribld o're——

Pol. Yes, there 'tis——

[Gives Paper—— Reads.——

This is to Certify all whom it may concern, That Mr. Timothy Turbulent now dwelling in the lower Square in Moor-fields is not Compos mentis, but is de'straught of his Senses, and fit for to be placed in the Charitable Hospital of Bethlehem for Cure.

Luc. I think 'tis well enough, this I'm sure Dr. *Quibus* will sign to, and for a Guinny I know I can have Doctor *Plumb's* Hand.

Pol.

Pol. Ay, and that you and all the House are mad too for another Guinny.

Enter Suck-Thumb, walking on the Stage with his Hat over his Eyes and Arms across.

Suck. Peace be unto yee——— [*Exit.*

Luc. And to you also—There goes the Seer—do they meet to day *Pol.*—

Pol. Ay——ay——they are going to exercise; Mr. *Rahsheca* is there already——But I shall shorten their Meeting by and by——I'll spoil it——

Luc. How

Pol. Oh, I have a Note from Mr. *Furnish* to fetch him to the *Popes Head-Tavern*——His good, dear Nephew knows how to charm him——But my old Mrs. must not know on't—— [*Exit.*

Luc. But I'll tell her on't, and send her like an Harpie among 'um——when they are in the midst of their sport——

Enter Cringe——singing fal la la la

Luc. Oh here's my finical fa——la——I'll make him change his Note instantly——I must leave fooling with this Fool.

Crin. [with many antick Ducks and Cringes] your Servant Madam *Lucia*, I kiss your fair hands hey——Mr. *Turbulent* is going to be busie hey, and so I left him hey.

Luc. And so am I——therefore pray leave me too——

Crin. I am not so ill-bred Madam *Lucia* hey——what to leave a fair Lady hey, and my Mrs. hey.

Luc. Mr. *Cringe* take notice that I leave you now for altogether; and that the Farce between us is ended: I am quite tyred with your Puppet-play, and I will have no more on't.

Crin. I don't understand you Madam *Lucia* hey——

Luc. Then I'll make you understand me hey——mark me, if from this instant you ever come to offer me any of the poultry Heroicks, or to make love to me, or to speak, say, or pretend, that I am your Mistress, or offer so much as by dumb show, or with your grimaces to make any Court to me: If I can not beat thee my self, I will have thee soundly lambasted, and well-favourdly kicked by some body else——do you understand me now,

Crin. This is very plain hey——you are but in jest sure hey——

Luc. You had not best put it to the Tryal——you'll find I am in earnest——and that I tell you this in true, keen, and downright lambicks, which is better than all your silly Heroicks.

Crin. Umh——this is tart hey——quite forsake me hey——

Luc. Yes, for I'll you have got a License hey——

Crin. (Oh this wicked Mr. *Furnish* has told her of the License and spoiled all.)

Luc. Come I'll advise you for old acquaintance sake, since you have been at the charge of taking out a Licence, tis but scraping out my name *Lucia Well-bred*, and putting in my Cousin *Priscilla Turbulent*, and all will be well again. She loves you, and there is 500 l. in Mr. *Furnish*'s hand put out for her to my knowledg——Go I say, Court her, and get her; the business is half done already——for I swear to you Mr. *Cringe*, I would sooner lose all my portion,

portion, and let my Uncle *Turbulent* take it, than be married to such a simple, nonsensical, finical Afs as you are.

Enter Priscilla.

Crin. This is very plain Mrs. *Well-bred*—hey—

Luc. 'Tis very true Mr. *Cringe*— (oh here she comes, if I could make these Extreams meet 'twould be excellent, and out of their disagreement frame an harmonious sound I should be a shee-*Orpheus*.)

Crin. (I have a good mind to Court Mrs. *Priscilla* in very spight—that may make her come about hey—)

Luc. Cousin *Priscilla* I have been speaking a good word for you to Mr. *Cringe* here—he says he loves you very much — and I know you love him, he has many good parts: why should you not know one another better—Long Courtships, out of fashion—come Mr *Cringe* speak to her.

Crin. And so I will hey— (I don't care a pin for you Mr. *Lucia* fa la la la fal la la ly do you think I doted on you) To Mrs. *Lucy* hey—you are mistaken hey, and I will have Mrs. *Priscilla*, *aside sings* and she shall have your Portion hey— how do you like that hey—

Luc. Ay, ay, if you can get it—

[*Exit.*]

Prif. (aside) I have a great fancy and desire for this man. I like his fine, airy humour; it will do well to mix with my heavy temper. I had best provide for my self whilst I may.

Crin. Do you love me Mrs. *Priscilla*—hey

Prif. Thou sayest so.

Crin. But I would have you say so—hey—

Prif. Plainly if it would do thee any good to know it; verily I have a kindness for thee.

Crin. That is well hey—and I will also be kind to you from this time forth—hey

Prif. I (I have soon made an end of the business hey, this is to the purpose hey. I can round, round, like a horse in a Mill with Mrs. *Lucia* hey, and am now where just where I began hey—A fig for Mrs. *Lucia*—Please get Mrs. *Priscilla* in earnest if she will but love *Heroicks* —)

Crin. But Mrs. *Priscilla* shall I shew you some Verses—won't you love Verses—)

Prif. They are very vain and abominable, and used only among the profane; they stink in the Nostrils of the Righteous.

Crin. Mrs. *Priscilla* we shall never agree if you will not let me write *Heroicks*, I shall never marry you.

Prif. I had best yield to him till I am married, and then I may convert him from that Pagan Trick of Versifying.

Crin. I will write Hymns and Lamentations.

Prif. Thou sayest well—plainly that will be very agreeable to my dispensation—ha mayest write Hymns of Lamentation whilst the good people are under persecution.

(Calling within *Prif. Prif. why Prif.*) My mother calleth, *Finical Cringe*, I shall be passing, but I am thine in the Love.

[*Exit.*]

Crin.

Gry. So, I have made a short hand of it hey — I shall get Mr. Turbulent's Daughter, and Mrs. Lucia's Portion, for she'll Marry Mr. Fairlove hey; and then her Uncle won't give her a Groar hey — and so I shall have all — for he has no body else to give it to hey — a fig for Mrs. Lucia, hey, fa la la fa la — *[Exit Singing.]*

Enter Mr. Turbulent, Sly, Suck-Thumb and Pollux.

Tur. Where is your Mistress Paul?

Pol. In her Chamber Sir.

Tur. What is this doing?

Pol. Cutting her Cornea.

Tur. Then she intends to go abroad to night — where is my daughter?

Pol. In her Chamber, reading a piece of *Aristotle's* Logick, call'd Problems, or hard Questions

Tur. Where is my Niece?

Pol. She is in her Chamber at work.

Tur. They are all well employ'd — go Sirrah, see that the Doors be lock'd fast and bolted, let the outer Windows be shut up, that the sound of the Voice may not go forth — and be sure to stand at the Door that no body interrupt us, and give us notice if any come near — be you on your watch Sirrah — 'tis dangerous times friends, and 'tis wisdom to be cautious. Brother Suck-Thumb set down — *Exit Pol.* Come set down, this is the most private Room in the House, we may speak free, — Are not Suck-Thumb pulls his Hat these sad times Brother Rabbekas, that we must skulk thus in holes over his eyes, and puts his and corners — Oh the good times of *Nerva*, when every one thumb in his month, leaning might think what he pleased, and speak what he thought, and ne his brow upon his other arm ver be questioned for't, oh that was a gracious Heathen Emperor —

Sly. Or the good times of the Rump, when any one might rail against Kingly Government, and the idols of Monarchy, without check or controul. I tell you Brother Turbulent, it is a great tribulation to have ones zeal quenched — *Tur.* Ay Brother, so that we are fain to whisper in the Closet, when we should cry on the house-tops

Sly. Whilst the *Nimrods*, the *Nebuchadnezzars*, the *Balthazars*, and the oppressing *Pharaohs* ride in their Chariots, and on their Horses.

Tur. Whilst the *Fezabls* and the *Asbahs* run about like wild Colts, snuffing up the Wind.

Sly. And yet we must be silent and our mouths must be muzzled, that we may not bray against those sad abominations — But I will speak, and I must speak, and I cannot but speak against Monarchy, which is the very tail of the Beast, that arises up with seven heads out of the Bottomless Pit.

Tur. 'Tis the Idol of the World and ought to be pull'd down, and laid in the Dust — It must be overturn'd — overturn'd — overturn'd — *Sly.* For it permits the wicked and

abominable men to do what is good in their own eyes — and suppresses the fiery zeal, and the zealous fury of those who stand up for Reformation.

Tur. And suffers the gathering together of Minstrels, and the noise of the Flutes, and the tinkling Cymbals in the Streets.

Sly. And the Moris, dancers, and the Rope-Dancers, the Puppet-Plays — the Bull-bating, the Bear-bating, the Horse-Races, and the Cards, and the Dice, oh abominable?

Tur. And the Players of Interludes, and the Men and the Women fingers.

Sly. But *Babylon* must fall — must tumble, must be pulled down —

Tur. And it shall fall, and it shall tumble, and it shall be pulled down — Suck-Thumb groans peace, brother Suck-Thumb has seen a Vision, he is about to speak — once or twice.

Brother *Abnego*, what hast thou seen — *[He lifts up his Hat gravely.]*
Suck. I was carried out of this carnal body into the World in the Moon and there I beheld a great Tree, whose Branches overspread the face of the earth. On the top of this Tree sat an Eagle, and a Crown upon his Head — And there came a mighty Dragon out of a River, running at the foot of this Tree and Fire came out at his mouth, and he devoured the Tree, and the Eagle thereon.

Tur. Oh wonderful! hast thou the interpretation of this Vision given to thee?

Suck. Not yet — it may be revealed —

Enter Pollux gives Mr. Turbulent a Note, he goes aside and reads.

Tur. 'Tis from my Nephew *Furnish*, I hope he has got some money for me —

Dear Uncle, I must needs speak with you about a very great concern and advantage to you. I am at the Popes-Head-Tavern, near your house, where I have got ready a Pottle of butter'd Sack, because I heard you had taken Physick make a fast, and let not my Aunt know of it. Your loving Nephew *Furnish*. Friends I have a very great concern that calls me away at this time but we will meet again —

Sly. And I have also at this time some extraordinary business to go to Mr. *Furnish*.

Suck. Peace be with you — I shall retire into the silence and wait — *(Exeunt.)*

The End of the Second ACT.

The Third Act.

The Scene a Tavern.

Enter Furnish and Hangby dress'd, with a broad brimm'd Hat, cropt Hair, little Band, broad skirted Doublet, close knee'd Breeches, a little black Cloak, faced down, &c.

Fur. **W**Hy, thou art dress'd in Quirpo — and so metamorphozed, that no body can know thee —

Hang. The right Cut of an *Amsterdam* Brother —

Furn. But you must alter your Voice —

Hang. I have the right twang of the Nose — let me alone for both whine and goggle.

Fur. Thou art a pure Rogue — what shall your name be?

Hang. Oh! *Peregrine Pricket* —

Fur. It sounds well — this Uncle of mine is at his Exercise, he'll hardly be here yet this hour.

Enter Sneak.

Oh, here's *Grin Sneak*, he won't know you in this Dress, — let's sport with the Fool a while.

Sne. Are you busie Mr. *Furnish*?

Fur. No *Grin*. — (*Aside to Sneak*.) Oh Sirrah, I have met with one of the rarest Fellows in the World for Projects; — but he is a Stranger, and you may make your self by him — he wants some body to promote his Business.

Sne. Say you so — let me alone for that — you know my Lady *Medler* is my true Friend —

Fur. Mr. *Peregrine Pricket*, pray know this Gentleman, Sir — he is of my Acquaintance — you'll find him a very ingenious Man, and one who is a great *Vertuoso*, and lover of Rarities — one that has spent his whole Life in finding out rare Inventions.

Hang. You give him a friendly Character — Sir, your humble Servant — I am blunt, Sir, and a Traveller. *[embraces]*

Sne. Your Servant Sir, I shall be happy in the Acquaintance of such an ingenious man, as I understand you are: I have made it my business Sir, to find out many things for the good of the Commonwealth — But of all, I am pleas'd with one thing that I am now undertaking, that will make *England* happy, and will cause the Act of *Burying in Woollen* to be repealed.

Fur. That would do well, and be a great ease to the Heart of many an old Woman, who weeps and laments o're her lace Cut-work Smock, that has been laid up in Lavender for fifty years, to be buried in, and now must be wrapt in *Woollen*.

F

Hang.

Hang. Indeed that is a beneficial Project — but I have one that will be much more beneficial to ~~myself~~, and to all the Land of *England, Scotland and Ireland* — I can take a Partner in with me; and yet upon the dividend reserve 20000 pounds to my self —

Sne. (— Oh God, this is a rare Fellow — I will get in with him —)
Mr. Pricker (I think *Mr. Furnish* calls you) pray let us confer Notes together over a glass of Wine — Knocks —

Enter Drawer.

Sirrah, fetch a Bottle of the best Claret —

Fur. Jack, if my Uncle *Turbulent* comes to enquire for me, give me notice —

Boy, I shall Sir.

Exit Boy.

Fur. This Rogue has not Money to pay for this Bottle of Wine, and yet the joy of meeting this Projector, has put him into a Rapture, and given him some Confidence — who else is the sneaking 't Puppy in the World —

[Aside]
 Well Gentlemen, sit down, and be plain with one another like friends.

Sne. I shall not be thy Servant — look you here Sir, do you see this Lock of curious fine Flax, of which they may make Sisters Thread — and yet this Flax is made of the coarsest Hemp in *England* —

[Pulls out a Lock of fine Flax, wrap up in a Sheet of Paper.]

Hang. Indeed Sir, 'tis very fine — but when I was in *Flanders*, I met with a certain *Deutchman*, that made just such out of Nettle Stalks, and was crying an hundred pound weight of Nettle Seed, to sow all the Fields about *Bruges*, of which he intended to make the finest sort of Cambricks —

Sir. That was extraordinary — of this Sir, I intend to make fine Holland, and by which I shall get *de claro*, sixty pound a week, and so improve the Manufacture of Linnen in *England* that it shall be so plentiful within a few Years, that they shall be glad to bury it again under ground.

Boy bring Wine —

(Exit.)

Fur. Mr. Peregrine, I think now he will out-do you —

Hang. Pray Sir, I confess he goes beyond me in Manufactures; but I assure you, I can go beyond him, or any man else at the Handy-craft Trade. I have made a Wimble to bore Hairs, which I can do so exactly, by the help of a Microscope, that it caused the great Admiration of several *Vernosos*

Sne. But of what use can that be? I love things that are beneficial to a Commonwealth.

Hang. Oh Sir, they are to make treble Flagellots for Ladies, that they may not spoil their mouths with the great ones —

Sne. But this is but of little benefit to your self — mine will bring me in 60 l. a week —

Hang. That I confess was by the by; but my great Project that will

will make us both rich, and which I have been this 17 years about, is an admirable Flea-trap, a Benefit the Commonwealth never yet received from all the *Vermosers*.

Sne. But the Profit as to us still? —

Hang. I'll make it plain to you — there are so many thousand Houses in *England*, now every House shall have one of these Traps for 1 s. a year, which I will be bound to furnish them with; now what Family in *England* would not be glad to have such a Trap, to catch all their Fleas? They would think it the best shilling that ever was given in their Lives, and pay it willinglier than Hearth-money —

Sne. 'Fore Gad, 'tis a rare Invention, and exceeding beneficial! but have you made Tryal of it?

Hang. Yes—Yes—I have a Compost of a strange faculty, which will draw all the Fleas in the House into the Trap—I made Tryal of it the other day for a Wager, and enticed a Flea out of a Ladies warm Bosom, which a Gentleman had made a Copy of Verses on —

Sne. That was admirable—I will speak to my Lady *Medlar* to get a Patent, that none shall make of these Traps for seven years but your self.

Hang. Why, that's it I would have, and judge you if there be but 500000 Houses in *England* (as there are the Lord knows how many more) and that we have twelve pence a House yearly, to what a brave Estate it will amount; and this also may be got for *Scotland* and *Ireland*, perhaps at 2 s. a Trap, because they want them more; you shall go halves with me —

Hang. And I'll get it done for you I'll warrant you — I have great Interest at Court, and I'll make it my business — (*Aside.* This was a happy encounter, and the most feasible and rationable I ever undertook.

Enter Drawer.

Boy. Sir, Mr. *Turbulent* is below, shall I send him up?

Fur. Ay, ay — send him up Sirrah, is the Pottle of Butter'd Sack ready I spoke for?

Boy. Yes Sir.

Fur. Bring it up, and some Manchets to sop in it — shew these Gentlemen another Room, you Rogue. Go Gentlemen, and discourse your Affairs in the next Room, till I have occasion for you.

[*Exeunt Sneak and Hangby.*

I must first mollifie the Heart of my dear Uncle, before I can attempt my Business, and he will not drink with Strangers — Oh here comes the Sick Man —

Enter Mr. Turbulent.

Tur. Coughs, ugh—ugh—ugh — Nephew, you are a strange man, to send for me out of Doors, when I have taken Physick, ugh—ugh—ugh — I fear I have gotten Cold already, that I have —

Fur. Come Uncle, I have got some good butter'd Sherry; 'tis the best thing in the world after an Emettic. Boy, bring Wine and Manchets. (*Exit*

Tur. Your Doctor *Quibus* thinks I'm mad, and gives me Pills of Hel-lebore to cure me—Let me tell you, he's a very ignorant abusive Fellow, that he is.

Fur. A mere Quack—but he has rare medecines. Come let him go—Uncle, here's a good draught to you—'twill breed good blood— [*Drinks*

Tur. 'Tis pure good and comfortable—'tis very hot (*Drinks and pauses*) But Nephew, what is the earnest business you sent for me about?

Fur. I'll tell you anon—Drink off your Cup first; 'tis good to keep out the cold—

Tur. Well Nephew, I'll drink to you—(*Drinks*—) 'tis very extraordinary good—

Fur. I'm glad you like it, Uncle—

Tur. But Nephew, when shall I have the 500*l.* you have promised me. If none thrive better by merchandizing than I did, there will be few Aldermen.

Fur. Well Uncle, I shall pay you all very shortly with 30 per cent. Interest—You will see me in a very fair way to be Lord Mayor of London.

Tur. Would I could, Boy—I always had a kindness for thee— (*Drinks, Furnish fills his Cup*—) 'Tis so hot it makes me sweat.

Fur. (*It begins to make him glow already—How he sucks it down!*—) 'Tis very good Uncle; you don't drink—Come a Health to my Aunt.

Tur. Pish, an old woman without teeth—I'll drink no Healths; but if you'll begin a Remembrance to my Lady Medler, I'll pledge you—Oh that's a very loving Lady, and the best of a Court Lady I ever met with.

Fur. Come away then, here's to her.

Tur. I'll think of her.

(*Drinks all.*)

Fur. He begins to be warm. (*Fills again.*) Come Uncle, t'other dish, and I'll tell you my business.

Tur. Come then, under the Rose, to your Mistress.

Fur. Well remember'd—Bravely done—I'll pledge you a Brimmer. (*Fills Cups again.*)

Tur. Truly methinks it has done me good—hem—hem—'tis a very excellent Creature—it cheers the heart—you can't think how light I am—But your business?

Fur. I am always studying your good Uncle—A Cat does not watch so diligently for a Mouse, as I do for opportunities of serving you—Nay if you won't drink I won't tell you any more.

Tur. I do Nephew—come what is it?

(*Drinks.*)

Fur. I have met with a Gentleman of *Cumberland* one Mr. *Peregrine Pricket*, who has been in *Holland* these 7 years; his Father was a great *Olivarian*, and he is of the right stamp a Commonwealths man; his father died this last Christmas, and has left him 400*l.* a year, which he is now going to take possession of.

Tur.

Tur. And what's all this to me?

(*Drinks.*)

Fur. Nay, if you han't Patience to hear — why, he's a Bachelor, and wants a Wife; I having a great Intimacy with him, have recommended my Cousin *Priscilla* to him, and let him know, I had 500 *l.* of hers in my Hand, put out for her Portion — and he promised me to meet me here by and by — for which end I sent for you, that you might see him, and discourse about it.

Tur. Four hundred pound a year say you —

Fur. Ay, four hundred pound a year, and one also to your hearts with — He has been bred up so long in *Amsterdam*, that he says, the very smell of Monarchical Air, makes him sick, and is ranker in his Nostrils than Lamp Oyl, or stinking Butter.

Tur. That's a man cut out for me — but will he rail bravely against the Times? Hah! may a man speak freely to him without fear —

Fur. Oh, 'tis his whole delight; 'tis the true Liberty of a Butter-Box — He'll speak against Governors and Magistrates, as if they were Scavengers of Chimney-sweepers — and as reverently of Princes and Lords, as if they were Tapsters and Hostlers —

Tur. A rare Fellow — I love him already — but you know *Priscilla* is a Quaker — how will he like that?

Fur. 'Twill please him the better, he is a *Muggletonian*; and as for manners, has as little as any Quaker of them all, and as for Thee and Thou, he says, it was the Language of *Adam* and *Eve* —

Tur. A rare Fellow indeed — better and better (*Drinks.*) Well Dear, Dear, loving Nephew, I can't but hug thee for this news — This welcome Tidings, and the good Wine has cheer'd my Heart — Come Nephew, have you forgot all your Old Songs? —

Fur. No Uncle, I will sing any that you like.

Tur. Oh sing the Hymn of the High-way-man —

Fur. What — I keep my Horse, I keep my Whore?

Tur. I, that — that —

Fur. (So now it begins to work — what pains am I fain to take, to open the close-lock'd-heart of this covetous Uncle of mine) well I'll sing it Uncle.

[*Sings an Old Song.*]

*I keep my Horse — I keep my Whore,
I take no Rents, yet am not poor —
I travel all the Land about,
And yet was born to never a foot
With Partridge plump, and Woodcock fine
I do at Midnight often dine;
And if my Whore be not in Case,
My Hostess Daughter takes her Place.
The Maids sit up, and watch their turns;
If I stay long the Tapster mourns.
The Cook-maid has no mind to sin,*

{*Turbulent* sets himself in an antick Posture, staring with his eyes, and holding his hands like a Changeling, singing after him all the while — nodding his Head up and down.

Tho'

Tho' tempted by the Chamberlain:

*But when I knock, Oh how they bustle,
The Hostler yawns, the Geldings jostle;
If Maid but sleep, Oh how they curse her,
And all this comes of deliver your Purse Sir.*

Tur. Oh that once again, dear Nephew — Sings, but when I knock, &c. — *[Furnish knocks and whispers the Drawer.]*

Fur. (Bid the Gentlemen in the next Room come in, I have wrought him up to the right Cue — now can I mould him like Wax.)

Oh Uncle, here's the Gentleman I spoke to you of.

Enter Hangby and Sneak.

Mr. Peregrine Pricket — your Servant Sir — This is my Uncle Sir I spoke to you of.

Hang. Sir I shall be happy to be made known to you.

[Gravely saluting and embracing.]

Tur. I have heard of your worth Sir, by my good Nephew, here, will you sit Sir, and do as we do? I was not very well, and my good Nephew has provided for me some butter'd Sack — Sir, here's to you. *[Drinks.]*

Hang. *Mr. Furnish* has promised to furnish me with a Commodity that I want — a Wife Sir — and has told me of a Daughter of yours, *Mrs. Priscilla*, I think he call'd her, a very Religious and Godly Virgin — 'Tis my desire, Sir, to marry into a Religious Family — I am newly come to my Estate, and will settle 200 *l.* a year Joynture: As for her Portion, I know it already, I dare take *Mr. Furnish's* word for it.

Tur. I see Sir, we shan't be long a making up this Match; I like you, and your Estate, and you like me and the Portion; now if you and my Daughter like one another, the Business is done.

[Whilst they are talking, Furnish and Sneak go out.]

Hang. No question but I shall like her, I have heard so much of her many Excellencies and good Qualities; the worst that I know of her, is her Skill in Logic; I do not love to have my Wife have more Logic than I; she'll say or do any thing, and prove it by Logic.

Tur. Indeed you say true — I have told her often of it, and that she should not love Reason so well — Indeed I must confess, Logic is her worst fault — but when she is married, you'll find other Business for her than poring in Logic Books.

Hang. I was a while at School at *Leyden*, and if I can remember any of my Old Lessons, I'll Court her that way —

Tur. That will win her Heart — but 'tis no matter, *Mr. Pricket*, I have the Spirit of Government, and steer the Helm of the Commonwealth in my own Family — she shall have you — like or like not — and it shall be as I please — I am the Speaker in my Family.

Hang. But that will be too tyrannical to compell her — but if there be the major Voices of the Family, I think she may then be lawfully compelled —

Tur.

Tur. You say very well, and it shall go by your Voices — I see you are a true Commonwealths-man — But we live in sad times —

Hang. Ay, Times of *Egyptian* Darkness.

Tur. Whilst Men eat, and drink, and rise up to play —

Hang. Till their Eyes cannot look out with Fatness.

Tur. They wallow in the Puddle of Filthiness.

Hang. And roll themselves in the Sink of Sin — Oh, the Riotousness and Wickedness of this Age —

Tur. The Villanies, the Whoredoms, the Fornications, the Adulteries, the Pride, Folly, and Vain-glory of this Age.

Hang. This wanton, luxurious, exorbitant, abominable, scurrilous, cheating, bribing, cousining, and treacherous Age —

Tur. This libidinous, licentious, lascivious, lying, lazic, latitudinarian Age —

Hang. (He has a most run me out of Breath — He is too well practis'd at this sport) well Sir, in the mean time, here's to you — I'll ha your Daughter, and Joynter her bravely —

Enter Drawer hastily.

Boy. Oh Sir. Mr. Furnish is taken below with an Execution, and the Serjants are having him away to Prison —

Tur. What ill Chance is this — just as I am about the preferment of my Daughter —

Enter Furnish, Sneak, Serjants —

Fur. Uncle if you don't help me at this pinch I am undone — I had got Money to have paid this, but only my promise to meet Mr. *Pricket* and you here made me neglect it — *[Whispers Turbulent.]*

'Tis but for 50 l. don't spoil your Daughter's Fortune, and play the Fool to deny it — He shall be bound with me to you for it —

Tur. You are a strange man that you are — I protested and vow'd, I'd nere lend you any more, and yet you have such fetches — I think I'm bewitch'd with you.

Fur. Speak softly — don't spoil your Daughters Fortune for 50 l. he has 400 l. a Year, I know he'll be bound, but has no Money at present —

Tur. If he'll be bound with you and Mr. *Sneak*, I'll do it for this once —

Fur. Thank you Uncle — Well Serjants, if you'll go into the next Room and call for a Bottle of Wine, I'll give you a Note to receive the Money. and pay you for your Civility —

Serj. We will Sir —

[Exeunt Serjants.]

Fur. (Aside to *Hangby*) If I had not made him drunk, he would have let me agon to Tiburn, before he would have parted with 50 l. and spoil'd his Daughter *Priscas* Fortune to boot —

Hang. But where hadst thou these counterfeit Serjants so readily —

Fur. Oh I had them ready at hand — I had laid my design — now second me —

Well

Well Uncle, I have persuaded Mr. Pricket and Mr. Sneake to be bound with me to you in a 100 l. Bond for the payment of 50—I have a Blank Bond ready—I'll fill it up—and do you in the mean time draw a Note upon Mr. Scrible your Scrivener, that will serve—

[*Draws out Bond and Pen and Ink—*

Tur. Well Nephew you are the strangest man, I know not how to deny you any thing—but what time?—Nephew, set your day and be punctual.

[*Strokes him on the head.*

Fur. I'll desire it but for a Month, and you shall have 20 s. and a Collation when I pay it, for your kindness.

Tur. Well fill up the Bond—

Enter Mrs. Turbulent.

Mrs. Tur. Oh Mr. Turbulent, Mr. Turbulent, I am sorry at heart, and grieved in Spirit to see you within the walls of a vile and abominable Tavern—I am afraid it is as Dr. *Quibus* says, you are not in your right Senses, to set your foot within this unsanctified and Anti-Christian House, this Image of *Babel*. Does not Anti-Christ hang out at the door for a Sign, the very Image of the Beast, with his Triple Crown, and the Bush of the *Babylonish* Whore hanging before him: Oh Mr. Turbulent it is abominable, and you are become defiled—

Fur. What a mischief is this—the Devil has outwitted me, and sent this Furie before the Bond was seal'd—

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Turbulent runs to the Table, and snatches up the Bond.

Mrs. Tur. What is this you are doing—are you entering indeed into more Bonds—Oh that wicked, cursed, abominable Nephew of yours, that will utterly undo you at last, and leave you not worth one groat—He has already drawn you into so many Bonds and Obligations, that you'll have nothing ere long, but must be fain to beg thorow the Grate at *Ludgate*—

Fur. Good Aunt be pacified—

Mrs. Tur. I won't be pacified, and he shall not be bound in Bonds, and I will see what it is, and I will look on it my self—

[*Pulls out her Spectacles.*

Tur. You're an Ass, and Fool, meddle with your own matters, and go about your business, who sent for you hither—

Mrs. Tur. This is my business, and this my matters, and I will see what 'tis—

[*Puts on her Spectacles, Mr. Turbulent standing in the middle, and Mr. Furnish and Sneak on each side with Hats off, Hangby at a distance as if amazed.*

Tur. You're a Fool, 'tis Latin and you can't understand it.

Mrs. Tur. You're a Coxcomb, I understand it as well as your self—but I'll tell you, 'tis the Language of the Beast, and one of the Confusions of *Babel*; reads *Noverint universitas*—

[*Puts off her Spectacles*

when she speaks, then puts them on again every time.

Tur. Away you old doting Dunce, read the Condition let the Bond alone.

Mrs.

Mrs. Tur. I will not read the Condition, I will have no Conditions, and there shall be no Bonds; and if I can't read it I'll carry it to my brother Mopus of Grays Inn, and he shall read it—— Reads *Noverint universi*; I thought what 'twas.

Tur. 'Tis not *universi*.

Mrs. Tur. 'Tis *universi*——and the wicked, abominable *universities*, where the Youth are trained up in all the vile Languages of Babel.

[Falls into a Fit of Coughing; her Spectacles fall down.]

Fur. So her Eyes are gone, I hope——they are broke——would she were choak'd——Good Aunt, drink a Glas of wine, 'twill stop your Coughing; you speak too fast.

Mrs. Tur. I'll drink none of your unsanctified liquor of the Devil's brewing, that causes Drunkenness, Fornication, Whoredom, Adultery, Fightings, Brawlings, Cheatings, Trepannings, Cozenings, and all the villany and abomination that is committed in these lewd houses of Sin, Iniquity, and Pollution——Coughs again——Oh get me a little water——

[Knock, Enter Boy. —— hast thou any water in the house ?

Boy. Yes very good, from *Annisackeer*, the best as ere you drank.

Mrs. Tur. Fetch me some quickly——

Fur. You Rogue, bring up a Bottle of White-wine and a Beer-glass. ——quickly Sirrah, no water. [Exit Boy.]

Hang. Mr. Turbulent, I fear you cannot well steer the Helm of Government in your own family; Mrs. Turbulent is very rough, she seems not to be satisfied.

Tur. I will let her alone here, but when she comes home I will reprove her in the heat of my zeal, and she shall be satisfied.

Enter Boy and Wine, fills, gives to Mrs. Turbulent.

She is coughing still.

Fur. Here Aunt, here is a Glas of water——but I should think you had better drink wine.

Mrs. Tur. Not in this unhallowed place——I think this water is not very clear.

Fur. 'Tis very good, drink it up.

[She drinks it off.]

Mrs. Tur. 'Tis very good water, and relishes well——where do you get this water?

Boy. We have it come into the Cellar in Pipes.

Mrs. Tur. My Pipe-water is not half so good as this; Mr. Turbulent, I will have of the same water as this is, 'tis very pleasant tasted water.

[Mr. Turbulent begins to heave as if he would vomit.]

Oh Mr. Turbulent, thou art overcome with the creature; thou hast committed villainy in the sight of the people; and drunk beyond thy measure——

[Coughs again.]

Fur. Hold your prating, you will spoil your Daughters preferment——Hark, I tell you the business.

[Whispers this.]

Fur. Here Aunt, stop the coughing——I hope 'twill mollifie the irascible quality.

[Drinks it up.]

Mrs.

Mrs. Tur. Oh this filthy Cough — It interrupts me — give me the Water — [Drinks it up.]

Fur. Would it would choak thee too for me — Is it not good Water ? —

Mrs. Tur. Oh 'tis very excellent Water — is it as Mr. Turbulent tells me ? —

Fur. Yes — Yes — he has 400 l. a Year, and offers to Joynter my Cousin in 200 l. and you had like to spoil all —

Mrs. Tur. Nay, if it be so, I shall rest satisfied — (Coughs again.)

Fur. (God a mercy Wine, she would not hear before — I find it is of a mollifying Nature) give another Glas of Water to my Aunt, Doctor Quibus says it is very good against the Cough.

Mrs. Tur. And he is a very Learned Doctor, I assure you.

Tur. Boy, Drawer — shew me another Room where there is a Bed, I must lie down a little —

Boy. I will Sir —

Tur. Lead me Boy —

[Exit with the Boy.]

Fur. Bless me, my Uncle is stole out to take a Nap; if he grows sober, he'll ne're sign the Note I have drawn for the 50 l. — Come Hangby, let's follow him and get it done while he's in the Humor.

Hang. I do intend to make Mrs. Priscilla my wedded Wife.

Mrs. Tur. Indeed Sir, I understand as much — I was too passionate, and did not understand your worth, and that you were not one of the wicked of the Earth; but selected from this Generation of Vipers —

Han. It was the Cause of Matrimony that drew me into this place, and engaged me into the Temples of the Ungodly —

Mrs. Tur. I am extremely satisfied in your Behavior and Company — Where's Mr. Turbulent ?

Fur. He's gone to lie down a little on the Bed in the next Room — Let us get him to sign the Bond to my Uncle presently —

[Whispers to Mrs. Turbulent.]

Mrs. Tur. Mr. Pricket, let us go in to Mr. Turbulent — I will send for my Daughter Prisc. for once into this place — thou hast made the House of Uncleanness pure by thy Presence. Shew us the way, Nephew Furnish —

[Exeunt omnes.]

Enter Sly and Drawer

Sly. Will you tell Mr. Furnish I am here, and desire to speak with him ?

Boy. presently Sir.

[Exit Boy.]

Sly. I shall now see whether he accuses my Chicken falsely — I am something hard of Belief — yet I may judge of her by my own Frailty; all Flesh is subject to back-sliding.

Enter Furnish and Boy.

Sly. You see I am come Mr. Furnish, I walk'd round the Walk and could not see my Chicken, I believe you scandalize her —

Fur.

Fur. That you shall know presently——Boy, fetch me the Periwig, Hat, and Coat I gave you to lay up.

Boy. I shall. Sir.

[*Exit Boy.*]

You will find your error, Mr. *Sly*, that you should not believe your self a Cukold — Do you think your blew-apron'd Shopkeepers wives to be more chaste than the Court Ladies? — I'll convince you.

Enter Boy——*they dress Sly with Wig, Coat, Hat;*

Nay, you shall have a Sword too, else perhaps she'll refuse you——You shall have mine.

[*Puts on his Sword.*]

Sly. I think she can't know me.

Fur. No, not if you alter a little the squeeking of your voice——You must speak little——You'll find her willing without much courting——Come hither Mr. *Sly*, look yonder, — what think you of that Gentlewoman?

[*Looks out at the door.*]

Sly. I protest and vow 'tis my Chickent, I know her by her amble; 'tis the right motion of her Buttocks—— I'll be with her —— presently——

[*Exit Sly.*]

Enter Hangby.

Hang. So, you have the Note for the 50 l.

Fur. Safe enough, Boy—— and will have the money to morrow morning; but where's my Aunt?

Hang. She is within, and grown the kindest loving Soul as ever you knew——I was fain to steal out to get a little breath—— she has sent for her daughter *Pris* too.

Enter Mrs. Sly dress'd a la mode.

Fur. Go in again, I have a little business with this Gentlewoman; I'll come to you instantly.

[*Exit Hangby.*]

Mrs. Sly. Well Mr. *Furnish*, I have walk'd twice round and can't meet my Chicken—— there's never such a man as you describ'd him to be.

Fur. No!——come hither Mrs. *Sly*, look yonder, what think you of that Gallant with a long tail trailing after him?

[*Looks out at the door.*]

Mrs. Sly. Ods heartlikins 'tis my Chicken, I know him by his Dog-trot and Spindle-shank'd Legs——'tis he, I'll to him——Have I caught you indeed!

[*Exit.*]

Enter Mr. Turbulent, Mrs. Turbulent, Hangby.

Tur. Come Nephew, why do you leave us? we can't be without your good company.

Fur. I was just a coming, having dispatch'd an affair of consequence——where's Mr. *Sneak*?

Mrs. Tur. I have sent him for my daughter *Pris*——Mr. *Pricket* shall see her, that he shall.

Enter Sneak leading in Priscilla.

Oh here she comes——

Tur. Daughter, I have brought a Gentleman to be acquainted with you——

Pris. Nay——thou hast sent for me to be acquainted with him——thou makest not a true proposition.

Tur. Gossip, you had best tell me I lie.

Pris. I say it not——thou mayst say it——But what seeketh this man?

Hang. Mrs. *Priscilla*, I seek thee for my wedded wife, that is the end of my seeking. What sayst thou, dost thou like me?

Pris. Thy proposition is not Hypothetical.

Hang. But it is Hypothetical, and may be either Conditional, Copulative, or Disjunctive.

Pris. He speaks rationally——thou sayst well, what is thy name?

Hang. I am called *Peregrine Pricket*.

Pris. I like not thy name.

Tur. Are you chopping Logick indeed?——I'll make you like both his name and him too.

Hang. Pray Sir, be not in the postpredicament of opposition——she mistakes the *genus* of my name——But Mrs. *Priscilla*, *nomen* is *quasi notamen*, a certain Image by which the King is known, and is the *vocabulum proprium* whereby we name a thing; or *vocabulum quodlibet*, by which something is understood. I am called *Peregrine Pricket*, that is a Travelling Buck.

Pris. Thou hast spoken demonstratively, and I am reconciled to thy sense. But in what Relation dost thou stand?

Hang. [*This is a rare Wench, she'll do in Logic.*] I shall tell you my business in a Categorical proposition.

Pris. Let it then consist as it ought, of one Subject, one Predicate, and one Copula.

Tur. Shitten come shites, leave your Moods and the Figures of your Copula's y'had best, and go to the business: do you like Mr. *Pricket* for a Husband?

Pris. Thy question may be determined universally, singularly, or particularly.

Tur. You're an universal, singular, and particular crack-brain'd Baggage, I'll make you know me and leave disputing. [*Offers to strike, is hindered.*]

Pris. I fear thou art disguised, and hast taken too much of the creature, and drank of the polluted Springs which flow in these Cellars of the wicked.

[*Enter Mr. Sly and Mrs. Sly.*]

Sly. Have I caught you indeed!——Oh you Harlot!

Mrs. Sly. Have I found out your haunts you wicked whoremaster Rogue?

Sly. Oh you cunning Gipsie, this shan't serve your turn.

Mrs. Sly. Oh you beastly Hypocrite! what make you in this disguise, with these Babylonish Garments, and the Sword of Perdition by thy side hunting after the Harlots in the twilight?

Sly. Oh you painted *Jezabel*, with the Devils Patches on thy Face, and the frizled Hair on thy Forehead, that standest here at the Corners of the Walls, to draw Young Men to Lewdness——Oh thou *Midianitish* Woman!

Mrs.

Mrs. Sly. Oh thou lustful *Zimri* — Thou abominable *Philistine*!

Sly. I thought thou had'st been looking to thy Shop.

Mrs. Sly. I thought thou had'st been hearing Mr. *Windy* —

Sly. Yes, you thought me safe enough, you Strumpet —

Mrs. Sly. Ay, you thought me fast enough, you Villain.

Sly. Did I take pity of you for this, when you ran about to all the Meetings in Town, to get a Husband, and left off your vain Attire, and put your self into the precise Cut and Form — but I see you were a rank Hypocrite — Oh you lustful Woman — am I one to make a Cuckold of?

Mrs. Sly. Away you pretended Zealot — let me tear out his Eyes —

[Falls on him, and pulls off his Wigg — they hold her.]

Fur. I am amazed — Oh Mr. *Rahshecab* Sly. — I am amused to see thee transformed into the Shape of the Unrighteous; it will be a Scandal to all the good People: The Weekly Pamphlets will revile thee — Oh Brother, thou art fallen —

Sly. Why d'ye accuse me, that art worse thy self, I see thou art drunken, and wallowest in thy Iniquity — Was it for this Mr. *Turbulent*, you were in such haste to break up the Meeting, to come into this lewd place? —

Fur. Hah, hah, hah, hay — How these Hypocrites begin to lay open themselves! How often have they lick'd one another, as Bears do their Cubbs, into a shape of Sanctity; or as Horses, nabbing one another, with the Delight of railing at the Wicked? And now —

Hang. They turn their Insides outward, and appear in their true shapes — a formal Saint without, a very Beast within —

Mrs. Tur. Mr. *Pricket*, pray be not scandalized at these things — I perceive 'tis the Frailty of the Flesh, and they are both fallen from their first Station.

Hang. I, so they are, they have found one another faulty, it is best to make up the Breach.

Pris. *Phillipassy*, Thou art in the same Predicament with thy Husband, you are both disguised, therefore thou oughtest not to exclaim, but let the matter be sifted by Division and Sub-division, that so the Truth may be found out —

Mrs. Sly. Prattle — prattle — let me alone — leave me, don't hold me; let me come at the Whore-master-rogue; I will give him a Mark: I will strip him of his wicked Habilliments —

[Pulls off his Coat, Sword, &c.]

Enter Constables, with man of the House.

Man. Come, take 'em away to Justice *Right-or-wrong*, away with 'em; do they come here to make a Disturbance, and to bring a Scandal upon my House? Away with 'em both Mr. *Constable* — the Justice will find out the matter —

Fur. Hah, hah, hah — I think I am even with 'em

[Seize Sly,

and Mrs. Sly — carry them forth.]

Mrs.

Mrs. Tur. This is the place of Confusion, I will retire — Mr. Pricket, I hope you will come to my House; we shall there discourse matters better —

Hang. I shall not fail to visit you —

Mrs. Tur. Come Mr. Turbulent, let us depart in peace; I am sorry for the falling away of Brother Sly — his Gifts were many —

Tur. I will go with you —

Fur. Mr. Sneak, pray do the kind Office for me, as to wait on my Aunt home — I have a little Business with Mr. Pricket —

Tur. Nephew, good Night — Mr. Pricket, I shall be glad to see you at my House —

Hang. I shall wait on you to morrow — [Exeunt all but Fur-nith and Hangby.]

Fur. Ay, that you shall to night — you Rogue.

Fur. This 50 l. was easily got, I was damnably afraid of it, when I saw the Dragoness my Aunt come in — Come in, I have another Shape to put thee in to night — Come away —

Fools are a Prey to Knaves, small Knaves to great,
Cullies to Gamesters; the whole World's a Cheat.

[Exeunt.]

The End of the Third Act.

The Fourth Act.

The Scene Mr. Turbulent's House.

Enter Fairlove and Friendly.

Fri. **W**ELL Frank, since 'tis so decreed; and that the Law of thy own Will has pass'd upon thee, I will be so much a Friend, as not to leave thee till I see the Execution of Matrimony executed.

Fair. And my Body fairly bestow'd in the Arms of Lucia.

Fri. Let it be so then; I'll see thee fairly noos'd, and then buried, and so I'll leave thee — The Report you have given me of this House, makes me afraid of Hobgoblins.

Fair. They are all abroad, and my Angel Lucia left its Guardian only at this time.

Fri. I dread that Finical Fellow Cringe —

Fair. Prethee learn to laugh at the Follies of the World as I do; for me thinks, nothing can be more ridiculous, than to see a man angry with Apes and Monkeys, for acting their Natures; I tell thee they are made on purpose to make wise men laugh.

Fri. I know not what Temper my Spleen is made on; but they rather turn my Stomach, than make me smile. [Enter Lucia.]

Fair. You see, dear Lucy, I am diligent to obey your Commands.

Luc. You do but set me a Pattern of what I must do all my Life time after to morrow.

Frien.

Frien. But what necessity is there, Madam, that both of you must be so heavily yok'd? Can't you keep together in a fair Pasture; without a Clog about your Heels, or a Yoak about your Necks — 'Faith Madam, if you'd follow my Advice, you should take one anothers Words.

Luc. I doubt, Mr. *Friendly*, you would hardly put out 1000 l. without some other Security than the bare word of your Trustee; and though I dare trust all my dearest Concerns into the Hands of Mr. *Fairlove*, upon the Security of his Word; yet since it is customable for Form-sake, we will interchangeably enter into the Bonds of Matrimony.

Fri. I see you are resolv'd, and that no Reasons nor Persuasions can change you. This Custom is a plaguy thing: There's no Remedy for Time out of mind; because our Fathers and Mothers, and great, great Grand-fathers and Grand-mothers wore those Bonds of Marriage, we must.

Fair. Prethee *Friendly*, leave off, did not you promise me you would say no more?

Fri. 'Tis hard to see you on a Precipice, and not warn you of it — I'll say no more, here's my Hand on't; but I'll go with you, as one Friend does with another, that is, going to the Gallows, with a great deal of Grief and Compassion, to see you fairly Halter'd.

Enter Pollux.

Pol. Madam *Lucia*, your Uncle and Aunt are returned from the Tavern; but so chirping and merry, their Eyes twinkle, their Tongues run, and their Faces shine, that you would scarce think them the same turbulent, noysom Creatures they use to be.

Luc. This *Furnish* has spoil'd my Design. But 'tis my Admiration by what Charm he could unite them so lovingly.

Pol. Oh you know not the Charms of Wine, as they can make the greatest Friends fall out, so they can reconcile the stubbornest Foes, Man and Wife.

Luc. I must set them again at Odds, or I shan't work my Intention — I know how to do it.

Fri. Prethee let us be gone, I would not see these Hobgoblins.

Luc. No, Mr. *Friendly*, you shall bear Mr. *Fairlove* Company a while — *Pollux* light them into that Parlor, a while, it shall not be long ere I wait on you again.

[*Exeunt Pollux lighting in Fairlove and Friendly.*]

Enter Mr. Sneak.

Sne. Madam *Lucia*, your humble Servant —

Luc. Oh Mr. *Grin Sneak*, your Servant — what a foot still, and in Old Cloaths? Do none of your Projects hit yet? Where stick they, *Mr. Sneak*?

Sne. Well Madam, we shall be happy at last — I'm in a fair way —

Luc. To Beggery.

But Mr. *Sneak*, I have met with a man, that has been this forty-eight

[*Aside*

eight

-L. 50-

eight years studying a rare Project, and indeed, one that will be beneficial to all Curious Persons; and especially to Travellers; and he tells me, that now at last he has attained it; and that he shall have perfected his Design by that time the Patent can be got for it.

Sne. Pray, Madam, what is this rare Invention you speak of?

Luc. Why, the Invention is extraordinary, it is a pair of Wings to fly into the Moon.

Sne. Why, that is not possible.

Luc. How unreasonable you are now, not to believe another, and yet impose as impossible things on the Faith of others? And to tell you very freely, Mr. *Sneak*, my thoughts are, 'twill be sooner effected than most of those things you dream of: For you cannot but know, that *Dedalus* and *Icarus* could fly half way to the Moon; and of several others, that could fly from high Towers, like Kites, or Eagles.

Sne. Indeed, it would be an admirable way of Travelling; I'll speak to my Lady *Medler* about the Patent.

Luc. 'Tis good to speak in time: It will be of extraordinary Benefit to you; and I hope, worth the *Vertuoso's* while, labor and pains. He has studied all the Mathematicks, and run thorow the Philosophy of Atoms, of Weight and Gravity; weighed all sorts of Air, and lain whole days on his Back, to observe the Motions of Kites, Swallows, Doves, Batts, and Butterflies, making Comments and Observations on their several Motions; and now at last Mr. *Sneak*, this Flying Man, having brought his Wings to perfection, intends to visit the Moon shortly.

Se. Let me advise him to get a Patent before he goes, and to communicate his Art to one, least he should miscarry: For I look upon the Voyage far more dangerous than that of *Columbus*, when he went in pursuit of the other World.

Luc. As to the last, I may perhaps get him to communicate it to you: For he is almost afraid to own it after all, least he should be knock'd on the Head, by the Coachmen, Watermen and Seamen: For 'twill spoil their Trade. Besides, some have persuaded the Husband-men, that there will (if this Project goes forward) be such Clouds of Flying People in the Air, that 'twill hinder the Sun from ripening their Corn: So that he is afraid he shall be kill'd by them for the Invention; and he must be upon the Wing, out of the reach of shot, or in the Moon to secure himself.

Enter Lady Medler.

Oh here's your Friend my Lady *Medler*! I'll leave you to discourse your Affairs—

[*Sneak turns about, and pulling his Handkerchief out of his Pocket, drops a Paper, which Lucia takes up*—

[Exit.

La. Med. I have run all over the Town to look you out; I wonder what you do here, when you have so many grand Concerns on foot. I assure you, Mr. *Sneak*, if you will not be more quick and brisk in

in the Business, I shall leave you, and all your Patents together, and then see what you will make of 'em.

Sne. O Pray Madam, be not angry, I was engaged in a very grand Design, one of the best Projects I ever yet met with, very feasible and extremely beneficial, which I will communicate to your Ladyship.

La. Med. But Mr. Sneak, I have met with a Project this day, so extraordinary, and so exceeding beneficial, both to us, and to the whole Kingdom, that I hug my self, to have been so happy as to hear the first Proposition of it, from the *Virtuoso* himself — I will take you in for a Share, Mr. Sneak, we will make one another happy —

Sne. Madam, you honour your Servant, pray what is it?

La. Med. Why, there is a person come to Town, that was with me this day, that proposes to build a Fleet of Sheeps all of *Portland* Stone, to save the Woods which begin to grow thin, and Timber scarce; and he will undertake to build them so thick, that no Bullet shall pierce them. — Then we shall have Castles indeed floating on the Seas, as a modern Poet says.

Sne. Sure that is not feasible, which way can he do it; he must sheath them all with Cork sure?

La. Med. Nay, which way he does it, is a Secret; but he has brought it to Demonstration already by a little one, the very Yards and Masts are all of Stone too.

Sne. But the Tackle and Sails are not made of Stone too, I hope.

La. Med. No — but they are not of Hemp nor Canvas.

Sne. What then?

La. Med. Because we may not be beholden to Foreign Nations, and to promote the Growth of our own Nation, all the Sails are made of Tinn, and the Shrouds, Tackle and Cables of twisted Wires. What need we then care for *Denmark* or *Norway*?

Sne. 'Tis admirable; and if he can but convince me by Demonstration, I shall look upon it as the most happy thing I ever light on. I beseech you, Madam, promote it for the Good of the Nation.

La. Med. I intend it, I assure you, I am this Night to give the Gentleman a meeting about it: You shall go with me in my Coach; and as we go, you shall communicate to me the happy Project you have met with this day. Come in with me, I will but speak two words to Mr. *Turbulent*, and we'll go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lucia reading a Paper.

Luc. What have I got here — something that dropt from Mr. *Sneak*; I must see what 'tis —

[*Reads*]

An Account of my Estate in Possé

Very good! I shall see how rich this Gentleman is in *Possé*, when I'm sure he has not any thing in *Esse*.

Imprimis, My Share in the Flax-Business, at 20 *l.* per Week 1000 *l.* a Year.

Item, My Concerns in my Black Box, being several Bonds, Mortgages

gages, Defeasances, and Statute-Staples, worth 20000 *l.*

Item, For procuring the Patent for the Consulship of *Marfelles* 200 *l.*

Item, When the Match is made between my Lord *Muckland's* Son, and Justice *Gripewell's* Grand-child — 1000 *l.*

Enter Mr. Sneak.

'Tis too long to read — Oh, here he is come to look his Paper — I'll see the *Summa totalis* — 200000 *l.* a very fair Estate — This man is fit for *Bedlam*: I must do him the kindness to send him thither with my Uncle, that he may be cur'd.

Sne. Oh Madam, I think that's the Paper I was looking for; I would not have lost it for any thing.

Luc. Why, Mr. *Sneak*, it does but let us know how rich you are —

Sne. No Madam, how rich I am like to be — And if Fortune does not oppose too much, I am like to be competently happy.

Luc. Here Sir — [*Gives him his Paper*] I think you are happy already, that can content your self with an Estate in *Possesse*, whilst there is nothing but Air in your Pockets. I doubt, your Old Bills and Lands, and all your new Projects will come to little —

Sne. I cannot stay now Madam, to convince you, my Lady *Medler* stays for me; or else I'd let you understand, that I do not take false measures — Madam, your humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Thou art the confidentest Projecting Fool, that ever I met with, whom neither being baffled, laughed at, gull'd and cheated, can convince; whom the Counter, Kings-Bench, Want, nor Misery, can convert, or make feasible. There is but one Refuge left for thee, and that is *Bedlam*.

Enter Pollux.

Pol. Mr. *Furnish* is come fitted to all purposes.

Luc. That's well, where's my Uncle?

Pol. Lain down to take a Nap — he has been a sleep a good while —

Luc. Go you to my Cousin *Furnish*, tell him, I'll be with him presently. I'll speak but two words to Mr. *Fairlove*, and I'll follow you. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter Mr. Turbulent. with his Cap on.

So, I have settled my Head with this Nap; my Stomach begins to crave *Viſtuals* — I am grieved, that Mr. *Sly*, and his Wife should give such Occasion of Scandal to the Wicked —

Enter Pollux.

Pol. Did you call Sir? —

Tur. Yes Sirrah. Where's the Mistress?

Pol. Gone to her Singing-Meetings, in *Sun-dial-Alley*.

Tur. Where is *Priscilla*?

Pol. Gone to visit one of her Brothers hard by; she said she would not stay —

Tur. Set me the Candle, and the Box of Books: I will read till they

they return — *[Candle, and black Box set by him, and Table.]*

So Paul, get me ready half a dozen Turkey Eggs for my Supper —

Pol. I shall Sir — I doubt you won't stay to eat 'em *[Exit.]*

Enter Lucia running.

Luc. O Uncle, Uncle. we are undone for ever: For God's sake hide your self streight, or you'll be taken.

Tur. (Starts up, and looks frighted) What's the matter Lucia — why do you fright me thus?

Luc. Fright you? why, the Parlor below is full of Souldiers, they are come to have you away to Prison —

Tur. Oh sad Times — What Times do we live in, that a man cannot be quiet in his House, which is his Castle, what have I done?

Luc. Come, no expostulating now — you have been letting your Tongue run at London, and talk'd Treason: They say too, one Mr. Pricket is a meer Informer, and will witness against you.

Tur. O wicked and abominable Age — O base Impostor, Vile Varlet, Hypocrite, Wretch — Lucy, what shall I do? — I shall be undone if I'm taken —

Enter Pollux.

Pol. Oh Sir, hide, hide your self, here are I know not how many Souldiers, Red-Coats, and an Officer to search for you: they are just coming up Stairs.

Luc. Now is your time to make use of your Armor. Come, come away, put your self into the Posture, and avoid being taken.

Tur. Come good Lucy, help me, I tremble, I know not what to do — Paul, Go down and divert them a little: Say I am abroad, any thing —

Pol. I shall do my endeavor — *[Exit.]*

Luc. Come, let us in quickly — I hear 'em coming. This comes of talking against the Times, with those you know not —

Tur. Oh I hear them coming — Oh, what shall I do? —

[Exeunt in a fright.]

Enter Furnish, Hangby, and others, with Red Coats, like Souldiers.

Fur. Where is this Traytor — Where is this Mr. Turbulent, that is troubling every Body, and still railing against the Times? —

Hang. As good Drinking, Whoreing, Cheating Times, as any ever were since the Creation —

Enter Pollux.

Pol. So, he is gone to hide — you have put him into a monstrous Fright — I find he would be no good Martyr for the Cause —

Hang. These troublesome talking men are usually great Cowards.

Fur. what have I got here, a Box of Writings? *[Takes up the black Box.]*

I hope I have light on the Judgment I confess'd to him for 500 l. If it be, I am very lucky — *(opens the Box)* Phaw — nothing but a Company of paltry Books —

H 2

Pol.

Pol. They are my Masters choicest Library, I'll assure you, and things of great Value and Esteem with him —

Fur. Hang 'em Pamphlets —

[*Flings them by.*

Hang. Let's see 'em, a man may as well be known by the Books he converses with, as by the Company he keeps — [*Looks them over, and reads —*

Lilly's Prophecies.

Merlin's Prophecies.

Mother Shipton's Prophecies.

Dabritius his Prophecies.

Arise Evans, and the Maid of Kent's Prophecies.

Hannah Trapnel's Visions.

Theaura John, and motive Motions, Visions.

Sir John Wroth's Visions.

Prin against Plays, Cards and Dice.

The Holy Lives of Knipper Dolling, and John of Leyden.

Fur. Excellent Books — a rare Collection —

Hang. Here be more — the second part to the same Tune.

Muggleton's Aphorisms.

The Levellers Principles.

The Quakers Doctrines.

The Anabaptists Tenents.

The Familie of Lover Notions.

The Ranters Religion. And

John Taylor's Holy Balade.

Fur. Most choice things — No Wonder that he is mad when he studies these —

Hang. And rail against the Times — meddle with Government.

Fur. Perverting the Foolish, provoking the Froward, and spitting forth his Gall and Venom which he sucks from these Weeds.

Hang. Which feeds the foolish Hopes, and idle Fancies of such Lunatick Brains.

Fur. Who call every vain Dream a Prophecy, and every idle Chymical Fancy a Vision — Good *Pollux*, fling these Books into the Fire; 'twell be a very great Inducement towards my Uncle's Cure —

Enter Lucia.

Luc. Well, my Uncle is hid; but you may find him in the Press, in a little Room within his Chamber, he is sufficiently frightened — He says *Mr. Pricket* is a wicked man — You know the way Cousin *Furnish* — Fright him as much as you will; but do not touch him —

Fur. No — no — we won't hurt him —

[*Exeunt.*

Luc. Pollux. Go you to *Mr. Fairlove* and *Mr. Friendly*, and bring them to us — *Fairlove* shall see my Uncle *Turbulent* in Disguise —

[*Exeunt severally.*

A Press discovered. *Enter Furnish, Hangby, Souldiers, after them Lucia.*

Fur. Where is this Traytor? — He must be about the House — I'll leave no Corner unsearch'd —

Luc.

Luc. You see he is not here — won't you be satisfied ?

Hang. Come let's see what's in this Press — open it, where's the Key —

Luc. There's nothing there I'll assure you but a Statue.

Fur. Open it, or wee'll break it open — I must and will see what's in it —

Hang. There may be Arms hid there for ought we know —

Lucia opens the Press, Mr. Turbulent discovered in it, standing bolt upright, armed Cap a pe, all of Brown Paper, with a Truncheon in his Hand; he stands without any Motion, imitating a Statue.

Luc. Look you there, to satisfy you, here is nothing, but a meer Statue of my Uncle's, that was sent him for a Present.

Fur. What have we here, — a Jack in a Box ?

Hang. Bevis of Southampton.

Fur. 'Tis John of Gaunt —

Luc. No Sir, 'tis John of Leyden, as he march'd before his Anabaptistical Army.

Enter Pollux, Mr. Fairlove, and Friendly.

Pol. Look you Sir, there stands my Master Mr. Turbulent in his Posture, in a Suit of Arms of his own making : Does not he look much like a General ?

Fair. Prethee tell me *Friendly*, can't forbear laughing now ?

Fri. I confess this is extraordinary, and I will as soon give two pence to see this, as e're a Monster, or strange Sight in *Bartholomew Fair* — Is it possible this Fellow should have so little Sence in him.

Fair. How still he stands ! he is fast frozen with Fear.

Fur. This is a meer *Teraphim*, and this Mr. Turbulent a meer Heathen Idolater — and here he keeps his great Idol in Secret — I shall inform of this, and have him burnt for a Pagan. —

Hang. No, no, you are mistaken, 'tis the direct Image of *Oliver*; he cannot be content to adore him in his Heart ; but he sets up his Image in his Press, and in his Chamber.

Pol. Indeed Sir you are mistaken, he never lov'd *Oliver* in his life, nor any Governor, nor Government — you do him a great deal of wrong : He was then the same Mr. Turbulent that he is now —

Fur. I know he is a very turbulent, troublesome fellow ; but I did not think, that he, who was still railing against Images and Idolatry, should have them thus privately lock'd up in Presses, like those in *Westminster Abby* ; but let it be whose Image it will, I'll shoot it.

[Presents a Pistol, the Image shakes, and lets fall the Truncheon.]

Luc. What do you mean Sir ? Oh forbear Sir, 'tis a meer Image, a very harmless Statue, Sir, what, shoot a Statue ? — Oh good Sir, by no means —

Fur. Look, look, the Statue shakes, and has let fall his Truncheon — 'tis a piece of Witchcraft —

Luc. 'Tis nothing but the shaking of the Press, that does not stand fast —

[She

[She shuts the Press. *(Aside to Mr. Turbulent)* You had like to have spoil'd all—— Stand still—— You see Gentlemen, Mr. Turbulent is not in the House—— Pray Gentlemen, now are satisfied, leave us to our selves——

Fur. We shall meet with him some time or other, and he shall pay dearly for all his Treasonable Speeches, and for his Idol of *John of Leyden* too——

Luc. Come, you have frighted him sufficiently—— I am afraid he'll spoil his Armor behind——

Fur. This has done me as much good as the 50 l. I have got of him to day—— Come *Hangby*—— [Exeunt. *Furnish, Hangby, and Souldiers,*

Luc. Mr. *Fairlove*, If you will walk down, I will wait on you instantly. *Pollux* and I must uncase my Uncle first, and deliver him out of the Fright we have put him in——

Fair. He owes you much for his Deliverance.

Fri. She has made him Mr. Peacable instead of Mr. Turbulent.

Pol. Oh, he never talks in Armor—— [Exeunt *Fairlove* *Friendly.*

Lucia opens the Press, and Mr. *Turbulent* putting up the Visor of his Helmet, comes forth upon the Stage.

Luc. I Protest, your Fear had like to have spoil'd all——

Tur. *(Shaking)* Are they gone? Are you sure they are gone?

Pol. Yes Sir, they are gone, and I have shut the Doors after them——

Tur. Oh, these are abominable Times, Oh, wicked and accursed Age—— Oh, that I should live in such Times, that a man must be afraid to speak. Wicked Varlets, they'll go and inform I am an Heathen Idolater: What if they should come again? How should I escape? O the sight of the Pistol has put me into such a Fright—— See Neece, is not my Armor spoiled behind? I have been something leaky——

Luc. No, no, all's well—— 'Tis Proof enough against such Shot.

Pol. Shall I get your Supper ready Sir?

Tur. Oh these Rogues have frighted away my Stomach. The sight of the Devil is not so terrible to me as those Red Cloaths, with the Infernal Weapons of Muskets and Pistols—— But Neece, what shall I do if they should come again?—— I am afraid they will be here again to morrow—— Oh! I dread a Prison, and to be confined within Walls——

Luc. There is no better way for you, than to feign your self mad *Pollux*, and I will keep your Council, and then you may say any thing, which will be an ease to your Spirit; and you may do what you will, they will then only pity you, and take all to be an effect of your Madness; and that which you said likewise to Mr. *Pricket*—— Madness you know excuses many things.

Tur. Mad say you?—— I need not counterfeit that, I am almost mad——

mad already, to see the Wickedness and Profaneness of the Age, the Villeness and Lewdness of the Times, the Filthiness and Debauchery of this City, and the Ungodliness and Irreligion of the whole Nation — I say, I can be very easily mad; and I will be so to save my self, and to avoid being taken in the Snare of the Wicked Red-coats —

Pol. You had best make Tryal Sir, how you can deceive my Old Mistress and my Young Mistress — if you can deceive them handsomely, then you may be confident you may deceive any body else —

Enter Doctor Quibus.

Luc. Oh Sir, here is Doctor *Quibus*, practice first upon him — now try what you can do — *Pol.* I'll leave you here to keep them asunder; I must go to Mr. *Fairlove* [Exit Lucia.]

Dr. Qui. Vat de Debil is dis? Mr. *Turbulent* in Armor? I come to see my Patient: Is dis he in dis Case? morblew — Vat art dow? — speak —

Tur. I am *Mars* the God of War — I am *Mars*, I tell thee; and I will slay thee Pigmy. [Lays hold on his Sword.]

Pol. I am afraid Sir, my Master is a little besides himself — he does not use to talk thus.

Dr. Qui. Ay, de Coler is got into de Brain, and has turn'd de Brain vith de hot Fumes — He take de Physic in the Morn, he take de Caudle at de Noon, he go to de Meeing in de Afternoon, and to de Tabern at de Night; all dis is enough to make de vel man man stark mad — He must have de Ellebore, de strong Purge of de Ellebore, and de spare Diet, and be kept dark, dat he may be cured.

Tur. Thou art an Ass Doctor, and understandest not any thing — *Mars* never eat Hellebore — You are no Son of *Apollo*; you are not *Aesculapius*, I know him by his Beard — Thou art an Elf, born in Fairy Land, and hast sailed hither in an Egg-shell, to poyson the Nation with Rats-bain and Dogs Turds: But I tell thee, I am *Mars*, and I will slay thee. [Lays hold on his Sword, Pollux steps him.]

Dr. Qui. De debil go vit dee — I will stay no longer — de vine is in his Brain — Go, go to de Sleep, and fettle de Brain; or else to de *Bedlam*, dat is de fittest place for dee — [Exit.]

Tur. So, did I not do well? —

Pol. Yes Sir admirably — admirably well — 'tis natural to you —

Tur. Come, help me off with my Arms — Let us go in — and go, and get my Eggs ready — I am almost faint with Fasting.

Pol. But you must remember to be mad again when you see my Mistress —

Tur. I'll warrant you, let me alone. [Exeunt.]

Enter Fairlove, Friendly, and Lucia.

Fair. With *Friendly* (like the Philosopher that never laugh'd till he saw an Ass eating Thistles, nabbing and pricking his Lips) could not chuse but smile a little, when he saw your Uncle in his posture.

Luc.

Luc. You would hardly have believ'd this, had not your eyes been Witnesses—— I assure you this Suit of Armor was an Invention of his own Brain, as well as the Work of his own hands.

Fri. I confess, 'twas something surprizing, and might prove Diversion enough for those that love to make themselves sport with the folly of others—— but I pity him——

Luc. Ne'r pity him, 'tis his Nature; and you may as well pity a Swine for grunting, or a Dog for barking—— you were no sooner gone, and that we had releas'd him from his Fear; but he return'd to his old wont of railing against the Times.

Fair. 'Tis impossible to convert him from that

Luc. I have but one way to do it——and I'll make a Fryal of it—— Well, I'll dismiss you till to morrow—— and then——

Fair. I will release you from your Slavery.

Fri. And with a *Habeas Corpus* remove her from one Prison to another.

Luc. That is as it may happen.

Enter Cringe, Singing Fa la la la.

Fri. Away *Fairlove*—— here is the foolish City Poet: I had rather meet a Ghost, than this troublesome Fop—— you shall have enough of your Mistress to morrow—— [*Exit, pulling Fairlove with him.*]

Crin. Mrs. *Lucia*, are you still in the same mind you were in last time I saw you, hey?

Luc. Yes indeed am I Sir; and therefore let me not hear one word more either of Love or Verses: For I hate them both, especially from you.

Crin. Now did you think I would go hang or drown my self, hey? —— Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la —— Now are you deceiv'd: I won't so much as write an Elegy on our parting, hey? ——

Luc. I care not what you do with your self so you trouble not me.

Crin. You shall see, I know what belongs to the fathomable Love of our Times hey? —— Fa la la la —— I'll love you no longer than you love Mr. Fa la la la —— Phaw, 'twas only my Diversion.

Luc. I'm glad Mr. *Cringe*, you and I so well agree at parting —— But are you provided of another Love? That's fashionable too: You ought to have another Miss or two——what says my Cousin *Priscilla*?

Crin. She is not such a Fool as you are; she knows when she is well prefer'd: and look you——hey, to vex you hey——see I have [*pulling out Parchment*] scratch'd your Name out of the Licence, and put in Mrs. *Priscilla*'s: Do you see that, hey? —— Fal la la, Fal la la ——

[*Exit.*]

Luc. This is a pleasant Lover—— Oh my Aunt——

Enter Mrs. Turbulent

Oh Aunt, here has befall us a most sad Disaster since your went.

Mrs. Tur. Why, what's the matter?

Luc. Here have been Soulders to search for my Uncle, which made him

him fly into his Brown Paper Arms, his last Refuge—— But what with the Fear they put him in, the Wine he has drunk at the Tavern, and his chollerick melancholly Distemper, as Doctor *Quibus* calls it, he is quite besides himself, and out of his Wits—— The House can hardly hold him.

Mrs. Tur. O the sad and deplorable Times that we live in, there have not been such lewd, wicked Times since *Adam*—— They talk of the Iron Age; I tell you this is a Flinty Age, or a meer stony, rocky, adamantive Age, that they cannot let a poor man be in quiet in his own house——O sad—sad—sad Times—— Oh Neece, these are abominable Times, and we are governed by the *Nebuchadnezzars* and *Balthazzars* of the Earth.

Luc. Now have I put her into a Fit of Railing: But Aunt, Doctor *Quibus* has been to see him, and he is so raging mad, that he had like to have beat the Doctor; he says, he's absolutely distracted as any in *Bedlam*, and advises you, by all means, to put him in there to be cured——

Mrs. Tur. I can't believe it—— 'tis but a Fit—— he'll be well again—— Oh these Times——

Luc. What agen?—— Good Aunt let the Times alone, and consider what you have to do—— Look—— [Enter *Priscilla*.]
Here is my Cousin *Priscilla*—— take her Advice.

Prisf. What is the Subject of your Discourse, is it proper or common?

Mrs. Tur. The Subject is very proper: your Father is mad they say; and the Question is, what shall we do with him? He is raging, and he will be too hot for the House, and too troublesome to us all.

Prisf. Canst thou prove it?

Luc. Yes, without a Syllogism—— if you go to him, he will demonstrate it——

Prisf. He is then in an evil predicament—— for if he hath lost his Reason, plainly he is a Brute.

Luc. And therefore I would have your Mother provide for him a little Chamber in the Hospital over the way, till his Reason and his Knowledge return again to him: and where proper Physick, and fit Dyet may be administred to him——

Prisf. 'Tis true, his Reason may be actually lost for a time; but it may be still in *Potentia*, and may be recovered.

Enter *Mr. Cringe*.

Crin. Why, what's the matter with Mr. *Turbulent* hey? He is mad sure, hey?—— I went to him about some earnest business, and he flew at me like a Dragon: If it had not been for honest *Paul*, he would have murthered me, hey—— what ails he? hey—— how came he so? hey——

Luc. He's troubled with Melancholly Mr. *Cringe*, he is in a cholerick melancholly Fit——

Crin. A cholerick fit indeed hey—— I don't love to see such cholerick Fits hey——

I

Luc.

Luc. You are troubled with Melancholly too *Mr. Cringe*.

Crin. Who I? hah, hah, hey—— who I? Fa la la la la——

Luc. Yes you *Mr. Cringe*, for all your fa la la la—— You are troubled with the laughing Melancholly, the rhiming, versifying Melancholly, the singing, light airy fa la Melancholly—— Indeed you are far gone; and have need of Cure, *Mr. Cringe*, I advise for the best.

Crin. Mistress *Priscilla*, she says, this out of mere spite, because I have left her—— Look here, I have put you into the Licence, and I'll marry you to morrow, hey—— what say you hey? Here's my Hand hey——

Pris. I say, that this Proposition may be in the Mode *Puerpera*, that is the possible Mode; or it may be *Edentuli*, the necessary Mode——

Crin. And I'll go study an *Epithalamium* against to morrow, hey——
Fa la la la la la. [Exit.

Luc. I advise you Cousin, to lay by your Modes and your Figures, and take *Mr. Cringe* while he is in the Mood: you'll never get such a Husband—— Come, I'll see it done to morrow my self——

Mrs. Tur. If *Mr. Turbulent* be mad, he is under Tribulation: He is chastized for going to the profane House called a Tavern.

Luc. You must now place your self Aunt, at the Helm of Government in your Family, and compass my Uncle, for his own good, to enter into *Bedlam*, and to be under Confinement, and subject to Government, which he always abhor'd—— O here is another of the Melanchollicks, [Enter Suck-thumb.

And the fittest person in the World to bear my Uncle Company—— 'Tis pity they should be parted, this is the Eye, and my Uncle the Tongue of Sedition——

Suck. Where is Brother *Turbulent*?—— I am returned from Brother *Sly* and Sister *Sly*, who are put into Tribulation, and are entered into the Prison called the *Round-house*, sent thither by the Earthly Justice, *Right-or-wrong*—— I come to condole with Brother *Turbulent* about this matter.

Mrs. Tur. Alas Brother *Abednego*, *Mr. Turbulent* has lost his Reason.

Suck. Then he is purified—— he ought not to have any thing to do with Reason—— It is the Idol of the World, and the very *Babel* of the Sons of the Earth.

Pris. Do'st thou speak against Reason and Logic? I doubt thou art ignorant, and canst not distinguish.

Suck. Logic is the very Language of *Babel*, and used by the carnal, and the profane men of the Earth.

Luc. So this is good, they are going together by the Ears about Logic and Reason, which they neither understand any more than a Goose or a Sea-gull.

Pris. Thou speakest evilly of the best thing in the World: It is Reason only that distinguishes us from Beasts.

Suck. I say Reason is the Filth and Scum of the Carnal Brain: It is the Sot and Fume of Hell: it ought to be banish'd, and not made use

use of: it is the Froth of a corrupted mind: it is the Carnal Weapon of the wicked, learned men — And I say again, we ought to live above Reason, beyond Reason, and to Act against Reason, and contrary to Reason, and to pull down Reason, and to overthrow, overthrow, overthrow — the Idol Reason.

Pris. Wilt thou give me leave to reply?

Suck. Thou canst not, shalt not reply, nor take the part of Reason — 'Tis that which causes the Rulers of the Earth to impose Laws on us: 'tis that which causes the outward Worship, and the congregating in Stone Churches: 'tis that which causes the Orders and the Ceremonies, the Institutions, and the Schools, and the Universities, and the Study, and the Books and subtle Questions and Answers among the men of the World — 'Tis the very Root of all Evil, and it must be confounded; and if Brother *Turbulent* has lost his Reason, he is become perfect.

Pris. I must tell thee Friend, thou lyest, Reason ought not to be lost, nor to be cast down, nor confounded.

Suck. I say it is lost, and shall be cast down, and shall be confounded.

Pris. I say it shall not, and thou art a Beast without thy Reason.

Suck. I say it shall, and thou art a very Beast with thy Reason.

Luc. This is pleasant — two irrational Animals, to fall out about what neither of them have — but here comes one will end their Dispute —

Enter Mr. Turbulent in his Night Gown and Cap, staring like a mad man, his Hands bound behind him, and led in by Pollax.

Pol. Here they are, Mr. *Suckthumb* with 'em, now see if you can deceive 'em, and the Visioneer too — you may then deceive any body — Now Master, act your part bravely —

Mr. Tur. I'll warrant you, let me alone to counterfeit —

Suckthumb. Brother *Turbulent*, I have now the Interpretation of the Vision, I had at our Meeting. The Eagle on the top of the Tree, was Brother *Sly*, the Tree was the Round-house where he is put; and the Dragon was that Dragon-like Justice *Right-or-wrong*, who hath devoured him —

Mr. Tur. What sayest thou? Didst thou name the Dragon? hah — art thou *Bell*? hah —

Suck. Do'st thou see a Vision?

Mr. Tur. Yes I see thee, the Gyant *Gogmagog*, that devourst the People — but I will encounter thee, and cast thee to the Earth.

Suck. Peace, he prophesieth —

Mrs. Tur. Tim. I am sorry to see thee distracted. Do'st thou know me thy own Wife? — I am afraid to go near him, he stares so —

Pol. You need not fear him: See I have bound his Hands — he can't hurt you.

Mrs. Tur. Why do'st not speak to me *Tim.*? — They were vile Varlets, to fright the out of thy Sences —

Mr. Tur. Avaunt, thou art a *Succubus*, a Shee Devil; and from thy Womb proceeds the Spawn of Antichrist: Thou art the Whore of Babylon, and I will overthrow thee—

[Runs towards her, Pol. holds him.

Mrs. Tur. Oh vile and abominable man. Ay, ay, I see he is mad now, to abuse his own dear Wife.

Suck. Peace, Peace, he speaketh wonderful things, and high Mysteries. He is in a Rapture, Sister *Turbulent*, he meaneth not thy carnal Womb, he meaneth Spiritually — Hearken, I pray, with Attention — These are Mysteries — and Raptures —

Pris. May I put thee a plain Proposition? —

Mrs. Tur. Thou art a Shee Crocodile, and feedest upon Croaking Frogs — nothing but dark Fumes passeth from thy Throat, and thy words are as the sounding of empty Tubbs — I will tear up thy Idols, and cast them into the Fire, and burn thy *Molock* Logick-Books as a Sacrifice.

Pris. Nay plainly, I see he is now distracted, he hath quite lost his Reason.

Suck. I say he speaketh great things, and they ought to be written in Brass, with a Pen of Steel — They are high Prophecies, and the Interpretation may be given — Call not thy Father mad — He is become perfect, and has laid aside his Reason, the Entign of his Carnality.

Mr. Tur. Oh the roaring of the Lions, and the howling of the Wolves, the Neighing of Horses, and the beating of Drums, heark the noise of the Canons, and the dashing of Rocks together — Heark again, the bellowing of Bulls, and the braying of Ases; there is a Battel between the Beasts of the Earth, and the Fowls of the Air.

Suck. These are wonderful things — Oh he seeth strange Sights!

Mrs. Tur. Tim. Tim. thou art mad — I will seek a Cure for thee.

Pris. Thou shalt have some Physick, that thou mayest regain thy reason, which thou mayest yet have in *Potentia*.

Luc. He counterfeits bravely —

Mr. Tur. Hah hah hah! Come, you are all my Friends. I did but counterfeit, to see if I could deceive you — I must do this when the Souldiers come, that they may think I'm mad — Did not I do it bravely? —

Luc. Have a care Aunt — this is but a light Interval, as most mad people have — Come not near him, he is spiteful —

Mrs. Tur. No Tim. you do not use to counterfeit — I'm sure you would not abuse your own Wife, if you had not been mad.

Pris. Dost thou own thy self a Counterfeit and a Deceiver? Nay, then we ought to shun thee. If thou art mad, we ought to run from thee, that thou mayest not hurt us: If thou art not mad, thou art then a Counterfeit and a Deceiver, and we ought not to keep thee Company. There is a *Dilemma* for thee — thou hast brought thy self plainly into this *Dilemma*.

Mr.

Mr. Tur. Here Wife, untie my Hands that I may beat that Baggage: I'll teach her better Manners, you Quaking, Impudent Jilfirt—

Mrs. Tur. I see Tim. you are falling again into a Fit, I see by the Roll of your Eyes—

Mr. Tur. O you vile woman, won't you believe me? —

[Offers to run at her, with-held by Pollux.

Suck. Thou art returning into thy Rapture—

Mr. Tur. Rapture? You Fool, you Idiot, I tell thee I did but counterfeit—Unloose me—these wicked Women will take the Helm of Government out of my hand else—

Suck. Brother, I am sorry thou should'st say, thou didst counterfeit, that is the greatest Sign I have yet seen of thy madness—be reconciled to thy self, and own thy Raptures.

Mr. Tur. I have made a fair hand on't; and counterfeited so well they won't believe me: I say, Brother unloose these Bands—

Suck. I dare not, if they were imposed on thee by the Legal Authority of thy Wife, or her Lawful Ministers: Let them be loosed by the same Authority, I shall not meddle with them; but I can suffer with thee, and will not leave thee in thy Affliction.

Tur. A company of Rogues, Whores, Varlets, I'll teach you all to abuse me thus.

[Offers in great rage to fall on them, is held by Pollux and Lucy.

Luc. Away Aunt— he's in another raging Fit, quickly, quickly away, come away—

[Mrs. Turbulent and Pris. run out.

Mrs. Tur. Nay, I see he is mad indeed now—

Pris. He hath lost his Reason—

Tur. Come Neece, undo my Hands—I have counterfeited so long, they won't believe me now—

Luc. 'Tis true indeed Uncle; you do it very naturally, now you counterfeit your self sober—but you are mad still— (Whispers) Uncle, shall I have my Portion, and marry Mr. Fairlove?

Tur. O I could tear you to pieces, you vile Wretch, you abominable Baggage—I'll eat thee up—hat I will. Do you mock me, and sport your self with me? —

Luc. I thought that would put him into a Rage again. So Uncle, you are fallen into another Fit.

Suck. I will not leave him, I will stay with him till his Zeal is abated.

Tur. Sirrah Pollux, undo my Hands that I may beat them all into their right Sences.

Luc. Well Uncle, I'll leave you, and consult with my Aunt about your Cure—Be sure you keep him fast Pol. (Whispers to Pol.

Pol. Ne'r fear—

Luc. Uncle, you had best go sleep, and settle your Brain, 'tis late—

[Exit Lucy.

Pol. Come Sir, she advises well: will you see if you can rest? The Chollerick Fumes trouble your Brain.

Tur.

Tur. Sirrah leave prateing—— I'll jest no longer: untie my hands I say—— I'll make 'em know me. Do they rebell against their Head?

Pol. Indeed Sir, I dare not, Do you think I am wiser than my Old Mrs. and my young Mrs. and Mrs. *Lucy*—— I should be madder than you, if I should untie your hands—— They have order'd to the contrary.

Mr. Tur. They—they—they—they order?—— this is fine; Oh I will be reveng'd on them for this.

Suck. Possess your self with patience—— I will assist thee, and we will speak to Sister *Kate* once more——

Tur. Speak-patience say you? I'll after them, and tear them to pieces with my Teeth, vile, abominable, wretched, wicked, stinking, filthy Women—— [Runs out.]

Suck. He is again fallen into a Rapture—— I will follow and see the end of these things. [Exit.]

Pol. So —— There will be something to do among 'em.

These sort of men, your Holy Melancholicks,

Thus cheat each other with Religious Frolicks.

The End of the Fourth Act.

The Fifth Act.

The Scene *Bethlem.*

Enter Snek, and Lady Medler.

La. Med. Indeed this is a fine place—— the fairest Hospital I ever saw.

Sne. Better than that of the Incurable of *Venice*; 'tis much for the Honor of the City, Madam: But did you never see it before, Madam?

La. Med. No—— nor had not now, had it not been to see my Friend *Mr. Turbulent*—— The Sight of *Bethlem*, the Tombs, and the Lions are no Recreation for Ladies of Quality.

Sne. 'Tis strange *Mr. Turbulent* should so soon become mad.

La. Med. Indeed I had some Jealousie of it the last time I saw him: For he told me I look'd Oldish. I thought indeed he was a little crack'd, to tell me I look'd Old—— out upon him——

Sne. Why Madam, is that such a Fault, Age is Honourable, and every body desirous to live till they are Old: why then should Old Age be so despicable?

La. Age is Honourable! marry come up—— I say Age is not-honourable—— nor you for saying so—— It is an old musty Adage; and I say Age is good for nothing, but to spoil good Faces, brisk Wits, and active Bodies; to bring Wrinkles, gray Hairs, moist Eyes, slavering Lips, Aches in the Joynts, and Gouts in the Limbs—— Age I say, is a most wicked and an abominable thing—— and to tax me with it?——

Sne.

Sne. Nay Madam, that indeed was a Crime.

La. Med. Had he call'd me Whore, or Bawd, or Cheat or so, it had not vex'd me half so much — but poor man, he was out of his Sences —

Enter Doctor Quibus.

Dr. Qui. Monsieur *Sneak*, you be velcom to de *Beislem*; here is Monsieur *Turbulent*, and Monsieur *Sucktum* come here to be cured of de Melancholick; and you be come also in de very good time — you do very much vant de Ellebore.

Sne. I am well enough Doctor, I am not melancholly.

Dr. Qui. You be de very melancholly man in de World — It is de melancholly dat troubles your Brain, dat makes you run here, run dere all day long, all de week, all de year, after de project, and get noting, not one straw, you'll be de true melancholly Pick-straw.

Sne. Madam, this Doctor is like most of the World, they will not believe, till they see me in my Coach and six Horses — Well Doctor, I shall convince you shortly — I will build an Hospital shall far exceed this —

Dr. Que. Ay, dat is in de Brain — dere is one of de Wind-mills dat goes vur, vur — dat is ven de project comes to perfection. I tell you Monsieur *Sneak*, vat you shall do vith your Money, you shall build tree such Hospitals; one on each side of dis Square, and den dere will be four, one for each sort of de Melancholly: dis vil hardly hold half de melancholly Pick-straws in dis Town.

Sne. You are a jeering Doctor —

Enter Keeper.

La. Med. Is there not one Mr. *Turbulent* here?

Kep. Yes, he is above in the upper Gallery —

Sne. Now you are here, Madam, by all means see the mad folks — the Keeper will let you see them —

Kep. Yes, you may see them if you please? —

The Scene is drawn open, and discovers several sorts of mad People.

La. Med. Do you let them walk about loose —

Kep. Such as are harmless, and that are not raving, are permitted to walk here in this Gallery.

Enter on the Stage a young Maid antickly dress'd, dancing and singing.

Mad maid. Tell me prethee faireblest swain,

Tell me prethee faireblest swain,

Why you did such passion feign,

On purposa to deceive me?

I no sooner lov'd again.

But you began to leave me — Hey hoe — Are you

Strephon? — No, no, you are not he; he had Garlands on his head — *(Singing)* Oh my Love's dead, and laid in his watry Grave.

Pray tell me, did you see *Strephon*? — *(Singing)*

Tell me gentle *Strephon*, why

You from my Embraces fly? Oh— there he is, there he is, stay, stay, stay, Strepthon, stay. [Exit running,

L. Med. Alas poor Maid.

Kep. She is one that fell mad with Love.

Dr. Qui. Dis is one of de melancholly Fa la's, and Monsieur Finical *Cringe* would do very well to keep her company, he is de madder of de two—

Walk over the Stake, one in a Gown and Cap, reading in a Book, and not looking off. [Exit.

Kep. This is a Scholar that has crack'd his Brain in reading *Aristotle*—He is always poreing on a Book, but won't speak in a week together.

Dr. Qui. Dat is one of de melancholly Dumbsads; he no talk, he noting but tink, tink, of de Philosophy, and de strange tings, till he has turned de Brain: He is de Brother to Monsieur *Sucktum*—

Enter mad man passing o're the Stage.

Mad man. I'll pull down Honor from the pale-fac'd Moon,
And break the Wheels of the all-circling Sun. [Exit.

Kep. This is a mad Poet—he ran mad with making of Verses—He speaks them *Ex tempore* half a day together, and makes Love to all that comes near him in Rhime.

Dr. Qui. Dis is one of de melancholly Pick-straws, dere be a great many in de same degree of Madness, dat goes about de Streets, and troubles de people with dere Rhimes, and dere Nonsense —

Enter mad man with many Papers in his Hand.

Mad. So, the *Marigold* from *Smirna*—Cargo, *Raisons*, Cur-rance, Wine, Almonds, Silks, value 10000 *l.* The *James* and *John* from *Genna*, Cargo 5000 *l.*—The *William* and *Mary*, from *Lis-bon*, laden with Sugars and Wine—Cargo 30000 *l.*—

[Exit.

Kep. This is a crack'd Merchant, doubly crack'd, first in his Estate, by the Loss of a Ship or two taken by the *Dutch*, and afterwards in his Brain—but he is continually reckoning up his several Cargoes, that he fancies his Ships bring him from all parts, and summing up the Effects, and his Gains, he imagines himself the richest Merchant in the City of London.

L. Med. Alas! poor poor man—

Dr. Qui. 'Fait he be no poor man, he be de rich man in de Imagination: He is one of de melancholly Pick-straws, and in de very same Degree of dis Shentilman, he tinks himself rich in de Project.

Enter mad man holding his Head on one side, and learing off with his Hands.

Mad. Stand ayde, good Folks, stand aside, least I hurt you, pray give way—I'll gore you else. [Exit, making motions with his Head,
and holding it on one side, as if to get his Horns through the Door.

Kep.

Keep. This is a Citizen that became Horn-mad through Jealousie: He fancies that his Horns are so bigg, that he cannot carry them in the Gallery, and that they weigh down his Head, that he is fain to carry it on one side.

Dr. Qui. Dis is one of de Hypochondraic melanchollicks.

Enter two habited like Scholars, with Caps and Gowns—
disputing—

La. Med. I think all Cuckolds are as mad as he, that would make their Invisible Horns known to to all the World——but who are these Gentlemen?

Keep. Madam, they are two mad Critics, that when they get together, are continually disputing about the Poets, Ancient and Modern: one calls himself *Aristotle*, and the other thinks himself *Julius Scaliger*.

1 Mad man. I say *Mr. Aristotle*, that the Poets of our Age, have nothing of Wit in them, and all their Peieces are false Draughts——O the wise *Sophocles*, the wise *Euripides*, the Oracles of their Age——

2 Mad. I say the *Baye's*, and the *Ninnies* of this Age are far beyond them, and they know more than they did, and write better Sense——

1 Mad. I say *Aristotle* thou lyest——The Ancient *Aristophanes*, and the witty *Menander*, were the only Persons that understood Comedy among the *Greeks*——*Terrence* had some Wit; but *Shakespear*, and *Ben. Johnson* were mere Oafs.

Enter mad Woman, pulling Sneak by the Sleeve on one side.

Mad Wo. Are you married? ——

Sne. What means she by that? —— I believe she is in love with me—— *[Exit.*

2 Mad. I say *Mr. Scaliger*, you are a proud, malepert and impudent Critick, to find fault with the very Inspired Priests of the Muses; and I tell you, your *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Aristophanes* and *Menander*, and all the rest of them were mere Ideots to the Poets of our Age.

Enter mad Woman, pulling Sneak aside.

Mad. Wo. You are not married, are you? ——

Sne. Why do you ask? —— No——

Mad Wo. Don't let the Keeper see me—— I an't mad—— I have 10000 *l.* to my Portion, and 500 *l.* a year, which a rich Uncle keeps from me in *Berkshire*, and keeps me here, and makes People believe I am mad, only to keep my Estate—— I am no more mad than you are——

Keep. Sir, pray have a care of that Woman, she is mad, and sometimes very mischievous—— How came you loose? —— Go in——

Mad Wo. You——See he won't let me tell you—— but heark you—— I'll marry you, if you can get me out. *[Exit.*

Sne. This was a happy coming hither. 'Tis so, the Keeper is afraid I should discover it, she speaks very rationally—— This was a very lucky chance—— a happy Discovery—— *[Aside.*

1 Mad.

1 *Mad.* I say you are a dull, insipid, and ignorant Critick; and I say again, the Kings of your Poets, are no better than Punchenello's; they are ridiculous, and want Majesty.

Enter mad Wo——

[*Aside to Mr. Sneak.*

Mad. Wo. You'll marry me then, and get me out of this place?

Keep. Pray Sir have a care of her, I give you warning.

La. Med. Who is she? —

Keep. A Stocking-mender's Daughter, that has run mad through Pride, and fancies she has 10000 *l.* to her Portion, and 500 *l.* a year, in *Berkshire*——

Dr. Qui. Do not disturb dem, dey are de fittest to talk togeder dat I know: She hate de long Worm in her Brain, and he hate de great Maggot in his: She fancies, she hate de 10000 *l.* and he imagines, he hate de 100000 *l.* ven he has noting. Which is de madder den?

Mad Wo. Be sure you keep my Council——

[*Exit.*

Sne. And I will, and marry thee too, and get thy Estate—— hah this is a lucky hit —— I'll deal well enough with her Uncle, by the help of my Lady Medler——

2 *Mad.* Thou art a very venomous, wicked and reproachful Critick.

1 *Mad.* Thou art a scurrilous, surly, chymical Critick.

1 *Mad.* Thou art——

[*Lifting up their Fists.*

2 *Mad.* And thou art——

Keep. Hold, I'll end your Quarrel — I am so troubled with these mad Criticks, when they meet together: They always dispute till they fall together by the Ears.

[*Parts them, and turns them out severally.*

Dr. Qui. Dere be many of dese Greek Wits about dis Town, dat deserve a place in dis Hospital; dey do noting but find de fault, and pick de hole in de Coat of de Poet, and de Wits: dey see de motes in de Sun, and de spots in de Moon, and de Stars: dey find de fault in de Lines, in de Verse, in de Vords, in de Plays, vitout de Sence, or de Vit, or de Reason—— Begar dey be all mad, and fit for de *Betlem*——

Sne. Madam I am very happy to day—— I have made a most rare Discovery—— I'll tell you anon, you must assist me in it—— you shall have a Share Madam—— I would not for a thousand pound but I had come here to day——

La. Med. I am glad of the good Fortune——

Enter out of his Cell a mad Man Chain'd, shaking his Chains, and roaring——

Mad. Pull down the Stars—— hah, blow *Boreas* blow, make the Seas meet, dash Rocks together, and put out the Sight of the Sun.

La. Med. I'm afraid of him——

Keep. You need not, he is fast chain'd.

Mad. *Cerberus*, dost thou howl *Cerberus*? I'll cut off thy three Necks, and boyl 'em for that Lady's Supper—— Avaunt, thou he
Fury:

Fury : I'll leap thee else like an *Incubus* — Tear 'em, tear 'em
tear 'em — [Ratling his Chains.]

Keep. Go, get you in — This is a frantick, outrageous mad man.

[Exit mad man into his Cell.]

Dr. *Qui*. Dis is one of de coloric Melanchollicks, dat is full of de rage, and de raving Fits, and is not as de Lunaticks, vith de lucid Intervals : Dis fort, and de hot Brain, like de vild Fire — Here be all de forts of de mad men, and de melanchollicks in de Varld, and here dey take de Physick, and have de Cure for deir Malady and Distemper in de Brain.

Enter mad man.

Mad. And now I am come to the nine and fortieth point, the downfal of the Whore of *Babylon*. Mark me, the Judgments of the terrible Approach of the falling into nothing, of the polluted and sinful World, shall be turned and converted to Confusion and Distress ; and then, you shall behold the Crowns of the Earth, be tumbled on Heaps, and the Seas, and the Moon, shall vanish into Vapor — but then —

[Exit.]

Keep. This is a Fifth Monarchy Preacher, who employs himself this way all day long.

Dr. *Qui*. He speaks as soberly as most of dem, and as much Sense.

Enter mad Woman again, pulling Sneak aside.

Mad Wo. Let me tell you another Secret — You will marry me ? —

Sne. Yes — yes — and get you out ; but take no notice then,

Mad Wo. Hark you in your Ear. [She whispers in his Ear.]

Keep. Pray have a care Sir, of that Woman —

Sne. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. [Cries out she bites him by the Ear.]

La. Med. O Lord, Mr. Sneak, what ail you ? —

Keep. I told you what would come of it — [Keeper runs and takes her off, and turns out the mad Woman, who Exit laughing.]

La. Med. I think Mr. Sneak, you were madder than she, to trust your Ear in her mouth.

Keep. Is this Mr. Grin Sneak the Projector ? —

La. Med. Yes, this is Mr. Grin. Sneak — poor Gentleman.

[Looking at his Ear.]

Keep. Oh Sir, I have an Order here to provide for you — I am glad you are come. [Pulling out a Paper.]

Sne. What mean you Sir ?

Keep. Only to carry you to your Companions, till I provide a Chamber for you — I have your Name here, Mr. Timothy Turbulent, Mr. Abednego Suckthumb, and Mr. Grin Sneak. [Whistles.]

Enter two men.

Here, carry this mad Gentleman to Mr. Turbulent.

Sne. What do you mean ? — I an't mad —

La. Med. Sure he is not mad——

Keep. Here is *Dr. Quibus*, that receives a Pension from the House, and assists in the Cure of the mad Folks: He knows sure, better than you Madam, who is mad, and who is not——I have his Hand for it, and an Order to provide for him.

Dr. Qui. He is de very mad man in de Vorl'd, I assure you.

Sne. The Doctor understands nothing, I tell you I am not mad, and I won't go with you.

Keep. There is none of all these mad men that are here, but will say as much as you do; they do not think themselves mad no more than you do.

Dr. Qui. He vere not mad if he did not tink himself so——

Keep. Have him away, I say—— away with him. [*Exeunt*
carrying out Sneak between them, Keeper, men and Sneak.

La. Med. Alas! poor man—— I'll go after him——

Dr. Qui. I'll wait on you Madam—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fairlove, Friendly, Cringe, Lucia, Priscilla.

Fri. Now do I think this the fittest place in the World to conclude a Wedding in: For since you have been so mad as to put on the Fetters of Marriage, this Hospital is fittest for your Entertainment. I have seen you so mad, as to be married; but I despair of seeing your Cure—— I doubt your Frenzy is for Life.

Luc. It has cost me some pains and study, to get my Uncle *Turbulent* hither; and now I have made sure of Mr. *Fairlove*, and my Portion, I care not how soon he is releas'd.

Fair. Let him be cur'd first of his Turbulency. I doubt, all the Physick in *London* will hardly change his Nature—— He feeds upon *Choler*, and he chews Galls and Bitterness, as if they were *Eringo's* or *Marchpane*.

Fri. I think this Hospital is the fittest place in the World for all those sort of People; and if I were rich enough, I would add to its Revenue: For it is a great deal of pity, that these kind of mad men should walk about the Streets as they do.

Luc. Why Mr. *Cringe*—— What are you musing?—— You are melancholly.

Cringe. Who I? Fa la la la—— I was only meditating upon an *Epithalamium*, which I intend to speak my self to my Bride at night; hey——hey——

Pris. Trouble not thy Head with vain Songs; plainly, they will be disagreeing to me, and Mr. *Goyle* told me, Poetry was an unsanctified Vocation, and that all Poets and Players were hang'd up by the Tongues in Hell——

Crin. Mr. *Goyle* is a Lyar hey—— for slandering the Poets hey—— Those were only the little bawdy, rhimeing, lampooning Poets; not those that make *Heroicks* hey—— I tell you, you shall hear my *Epithalamium* hey——

Enter Mrs. Turbulent and Pollux.

Mrs. Tur. Do'st thou say, my *Priscilla* is married to that vile rhimeing Fellow *Cringe*?—— [*Pol.*

Pol. Yes forsooth——

Mrs. Tur. And has my Neece married *Mr. Fairlove*, and got her Portion out of the *Chamberlan's* Hands?

Pol. Yes indeed, 'tis sure enough —— look you here, they are together.

Mrs. Tur. Well —— 'tis well my poor Husband is already distracted, else I'm sure, this very News would make him mad.

Luc. *Mr. Cringe*, Speak —— speak to her —— go ——

Crin. We have committed Matrimony forsooth Mother —— Look you, I have taken *Mrs. Priscilla* for better and for worse, hey ——

Mrs. Tur. You have taken her without my Consent, *Mr. Cringe*, and consequently without any Portion ——

Cringe. 'Tis no matter for that hey: I know how to go to Law hey —— I married your Daughter upon a lawful Consideration hey, and I shall force you hey ——

Mrs. Tur. Force me, force me? you impudent Ballad-maker: will you force me —— Oh what Times do we live in! Force me ——

Luc. Aunt, I'm afraid they'll think you mad as well as my Uncle. It is not good to be loud in this place, least they provide a Chamber for you.

Fair. I have taken care of your Neece, and taken her off your hands —— I assure you, she shall not trouble you any longer. I am now become her Guardian.

Mrs. Tur. In good time —— Well Mistress, I shall see you shortly live like those at the other end of the Town; you in one House, and your Husband in another: You with your Gallant, and he with his Mistress, as they call 'em —— You could not be contented with a good, honest, civil Shop-keeper.

Luc. I have done you no hurt I hope, to bestow the honest Shop-keeper you had provided for me upon your own Daughter.

Cringe. Come mother, you shan't be angry hey, you shall get us a Sack Poffet hey, and we will dance and be merry hey —— Come away —— let us go see my mad Father, hey ——

Mrs. Tur. I doubt this News will make him ten times madder ——
Paul, shew me the way to your Master.

Enter Mr. Sly, and Mrs. Sly.

Sly. Where is Brother *Turbulent*? we are come to see him in Tribulation, and to assist him with a word of Comfort.

Mr. Sly. I fear Brother *Turbulent* is fallen away from his Principles, being seduced by his Nephew *Furnish*; and now he suffers for his Back-sliding,

Mrs. Tur. Are you freed from the Oppression of the *Egyptian Dragon Right-or-wrong*. How got you forth of the paw of the Bear?

Mrs. Sly. We were delivered.

Fri. What Canting is this?

Fair. This is the Language of the Saints.

Pol.

Pol. None of the Languages of *Babel*.

Luc. How came you reconciled?

Mr. Sly. We have forgiven each other, least the wicked and Reprobate should reproach us for our Failings; and least we should become a Scandal, and a Stumbling Block to the Godly.

Mrs. Sly. *Mr. Furnish* is a vile, and an abominable man. Oh 'tis a wicked and unregenerate Age.

Mr. Sly. Where Vice reigns triumphant, and runs down like a Stream——

Luc. Let us be gone, they are falling again into their Old Fits——
The Round-house has not cured 'em.

Mrs. Tur. I am going to see *Tim*.

Mrs. Sly. We will go with you—— my Bowels yearn, I am full of Compassion.

Fair. Pollux——hast thou bespoke a Dinner over the way at the *Popes Head*——

Pol. All things are ready for you—— and I have bespoke the Fiddlers: They will be here instantly, to play you to Dinner——

Fair. And we'll have one mad frisk among the mad Folks.

Crin. I like that Fa la la la——

[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene draws, and discovers Mr. Turbulent, Suckthumb, and Sneak sitting together.

Mr. Tur. They are a company of Rogues, Varlets, Cheats, Trappanners, Villains, to make me mad, and to feed me with Bread and Porridge—— These are *Babylonian* days—— Oh the Oppression of *Pharoah*, and the Tyranny of *Dyonisius*.

Suck. Bear thy Tribulation with Patience, and be in the Meekness—— We shall be delivered.

Sne. I have a Friend at Court that will soon release me; and I will inform of the Abuse.

Tur. I despise the Court, I hate the Court, 'tis a vile Abomination, and stinks of Prophaneness. Oh name not the Court, I cannot endure the sound of it in my Ears.

Suck. Thou speakest well, hold fast to thy Principles, and thou shalt be delivered from the paw of the Lion.

Sne. I begin to doubt these two are mad—— But I am not yet convinc'd, but the Woman as bit me by the Ear was sober—— She did it, that they might not suspect our Plot—— 'twas so.

Enter Dr. Quibus and Lady Medler.

Dr. Qui. Here be de tree mad fokes, de several sorts of de melan-chollicks; dey make de very good Harmony.

La. Med. I am sorry to see you here *Mr. Turbulent*; but they say, there is no better place in the World to get Cure—— You have studied too hard I doubt *Mr. Turbulent*.

Tur. Do you come to jeer and mock me too? Are you one of the Reprobates? Ay, ay, you glory and fawn on the Evil Times——
you

you are a very un sanctified Hypocrite, that you are — Pray be gone and meddle not with us.

La. Med. Alas! poor man, I now see he is distracted.

Tur. I see you are an old meddling Fool —

L. Med. Old Fool! Old Fool! Thou art a distracted Ass, a mad, hair-brain'd, raving Coxcomb. Old Fool —

Tur. Yes, thou art wrinkled in Iniquity, and grown hoary with Evil. Foh, thou smellest of the other end of the Town, and art combined against me.

L. Med. He is raving, stark mad — 'Tis well he is here, I could not have believ'd it, had not my Eyes seen it, and my Ears heard his madness.

Mr. Sneak, how is it with you?

Sne. I was thinking of the Woman that bit me by the Ear — I tell you she is a great Heirefs.

L. Med. Well *Mr. Sneak*, I always took you to be a little craz'd; but now I find you are mad; and that nothing but good Diet and Physick will cure you.

Dr. Qui. Madam, de talk is very naught for de mad Folks; me vil give dem de Pill of de Ellebore; and you shall see in de tree, or de fore days, dey vil be very much amended — Let dem tink, let dem tink.

Enter Fairlove, Friendly, Cringe, Pollux, *Mrs.* Turbulent, Priscilla, Keeper, *Mr.* Sly, and *Mrs.* Sly.

Rep. Here are those you enquire for, I shall provide them Chambers apart: For madness, like other Diseases, is infectious; and they will hurt one another —

Mrs. Tur. Tim. — How is it *Tim.* — Do'st thou know me *Tim*? thy own dear wife *Tim.*

Tur. I know you for a Harlot, a conspiring Harlot, a wicked she Devil, to bring me here to *Bedlam* — But I'll tear thy Eyes out —

Mrs. Tur. Alas! he is raving: Good Doctor *Quibus*, will you do your Endeavor. Do you think he will ever be his own man again?

Dr. Qui. Do not fear: me vill give him de excellent Pill in de Varld: For de Cholerick melancholly; but he no eat de Caudle, nor de Turkey Eggs; he no cram, cram, cram.

Tur. You are a Rogue, Doctor, and would starve me here —

Mrs. Tur. He knows what is best for you *Tim* — but here is your Daughter *Prif.* and your Neece come, to see you: do you know 'em *Tim* — They have committed Matrimony, and provided for themselves.

Tur. Matrimony! Why, who are they are married to? —

Luc. Why Sir, you not being *compos mentis*, I have made bold to chuse me another Guardian, *Mr. Fairlove* here — I am his now —

Tur. 'Tis well I am in *Bedlam* — I find I am mad now — wicked, abominable Varlet — you shan't have a penny of Portion.

Luc.

Luc. I have secur'd that already Sir, you know the Clause in the Will—— You are not *compos mentis*.

Tur. You are a cheating Harlotry—— I'll make you rue it——

Luc. I have got only my own, which you would have cheated me of——

Tur. And who are you married to?

[To *Pris.*

Pris. Thy Rationality is departed—— and thou canst not understand.

Crin. I an't alham'd to own my *Priscilla* hey—— I married her to spite Mrs. *Lucy*—— Shee agrees better with my Temper, hey—— We shall do well enough if she will like Verses, hey——

Tur. O vile disobedient Wretch, marry a Poet, a maker of profane Verses, a Lover of Songs and tinkling Instruments; a wicked, abominable, wretched, vile, profane adultrous——

Luc. Hold—— stop his mouth—— he will lose his Breath else—— This Poet, and maker of profane Verses, Uncle, you thought good enough for me—— why are you so angry? ——

Tur. Away——away—— vile, abominable, conspiring Cheats—— Instruments of Satar—— get you together, go, begon—— the mad people are much better Company: You are full of Defilement, Sin, Pollution, and Abomination, away, begon.

Sly. I am glad that in the midst of thy Madness, thou holdest fast to the Truth. Brother *Turbulent*, be comforted, and gird up thy Loyns, I hope thou wilt recover this delirious Fit; and that we shall again meet with a breathing forth, for the strengthening and edifying in one another.

Tur. Go, get you together, I say I am not mad; but you are all a company of Fools and Cheats: This Usage will cure me, and let me see my self.

Mrs. Sly. Let us depart, Brother *Turbulent* is disturbed; I doubt the Fumes of the unsanctified Wine are not yet out of his Head—— Let him have rest.

Tur. Go, go, take your turn in *Morefields*, with your black Patches, and yellow Hood, the marks of the Beast——

Sly. Do not scandalize my Chicken—— I'll take the Law of you.

Mrs. Sly. Oh abominable, profane and reproachful mad man—— I'll leave thee and thy madness together.

Pol. So —— so —— the Brethers and the Sisters are falling to pieces.

Mrs. Tur. Well *Tim.* I hope to see thee restored again to thy right Sences—— Dr. *Quibus* will take care of you.

Tur. Will you leave me here then?

Dr. Qui. Dis is de best place for you in de Varld Mr. *Turbulent*; here you may be turbulent, and rail at the Times, at de Government, at de Governors: Here you may speak de Treason all de day

day long, vitout de danger of de Prison, or of de Punishment.

Pol. But Master, they will not feed you well I doubt.

Tur. Rogue, Sirrah, Jack, Varlet, Raskal, Devil, do you prate? —

Pol. What a many of Christian Names have I? Well Master, fare you well, I have provided my self of another Master here, Mr. *Fairlove*; but you first left me, and got a new Habitation.

Tur. Let me go to my own House I say — you will starve me here — you Doctor Devil.

Dr. Qui. Nay, dou shall have de Porridge in de Voden Dish; dou shall have de boil'd Mutton, and de Bred, and de Beer, and de Pill of de Ellebore now, tree times de Week —

Crin. Father *Turbulent*, fare you well, hey — We will talk of your Daughter's Portion hereafter, hey — Fa la la la —

Dr. Qui. Dis de great pity Monsieur *Cringe* is not in de *Betlem* too — He very much vants de Cure: he is much trobled in de head vit de fa la —

Fri. Oh let him alone, Doctor, he has got a worse *Bedlam* behalf: His new married Wife will soon cure his fa la — you shall see

Dr. Qui. Dey be bote mad.

Fair. And will help to cure one another —

Suck. I will shut my Eyes against the Vanities of the Earth, and will stop my Ears, that I may not hear the abominable Noise of the musical Instruments: For this is a time of Tribulation —

[Pulling his Hat over his Eyes, and stopping his Ears.]

A Noise of Fiddles.

Sne. I will continue here willingly — I shall get the Opportunity of meeting with the Heirels that is in Love with me — I shall get her, and that will be worth my Stay — Let them see who is mad then —

Fair. Oh I hear the Fiddles, they are coming — we will have one Dance among the mad Folks.

Luc. But first, shut up my Uncle, he will be stark mad indeed else —

Tur. Oh the wicked, abominable, riotous Age, Oh the noyform Fiddles, the Provocatives to Lightness and Skipping together, like the Goats, frisking with their Tails of Wantonnefs — Fire Sword Plague, Pestilence, Riot, Luxury, Chambering, Hell, Confusion, Blood, Tempest, Storm, Thunder, Lightning, Hail and Hail-stones, fall on your —

[The Scene shuts in Turbulent, Suckthumb and Sneak.]

Luc. So — so — I thought the Noise of the Fiddles would make
I am stark mad —

Sly. Let us be gone from the Carnal Noise of these lewd Instruments.

Mrs. Sly. We will return to our Vocation—— Oh the abominable Wickedness of this riotous Age.

[*Exeunt Mr. Sly, and Mrs. Sly.*]

Luc. So, we are rid of our Anabaptists.

Cringe. They would spoil our Sport, hey—— they are not fit Company for us, hey——

Pris. Plainly, these are the Carnal Instruments of Vanity.

Cringe. Don't speak against 'em, hey—— We will have a Dance, hey—— Come, come, come, and you shall dance too, hey——

Pris. I will yield to thy Frailty.

Enter Hangby.

Luc. Where is my Cousin *Furnish*? We want him to make one here.

Hang. Faith Madam, it has been a fatal Morning with Mr. *Furnish*—— He is under Tribulation.

L. Med. Where is he? what ails he?

Hang. Alas poor man! Intending to come hither, a Brace of Sergeants, or Devils, which you will, snap'd him upon an Execution, and has carried him to the Coach and Horses in *Woodstreet*; From thence Madam, I am come to be his Solicitor to you, that you may redeem him this time, or he is utterly lost.

L. Med. Let him go to the Devil if he will—— he owes me too much already——

Frien. Faith Madam, that's unkind, I will speak one good word for the Gentleman, though I'm a Stranger to him; because he is so necessary an Evil the Commonwealth cannot be without. If it were not for such as he, Fools having the Favor of Fortune, would not know what to do with their Money. 'Tis they get Riches, and such as ease them of the Burthen. They do but dispend their money for them, and set it into motion.

Luc. Nay Madam, help him this once, I'll joyn with you—— he shall never suffer on my Wedding day.

L. Med. Well, tell him, he shall have the money sent him anon—— I'll make the Rogue pay me for't——

[*Aside,*

Hang. Thank you Madam—— So, I think it was well he was arrested—— He always comes off with flying Colors——

Cringe. Come, you spoil our Sport, hey—— Leave your Whispers and your Business till another time, hey—— Fa-la-la-la—— Come Fiddles, strike up——

A Dance.

Fair. Come now, let us go over to the *Pope's Head*; you shall all be my Guests to day; and there *Mr. Cringe* shall have his Belly full of Dancing.

Frin. I never was at a Wedding in *Bedlam* before.

Fair. *Fanaticks* here may safely have their *Frollicks*.
The World's Great Bethlem, most men Melanchollicks.

(Exeunt omnes.)

FINIS.



